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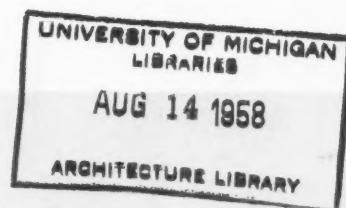
SCULPTURE IN OUR TIME
By Clement Greenberg

A MEMOIR OF BRANCUSI
By Oscar Chelmsky

ARTS

LOUISE NEVELSON
By Hilton Kramer

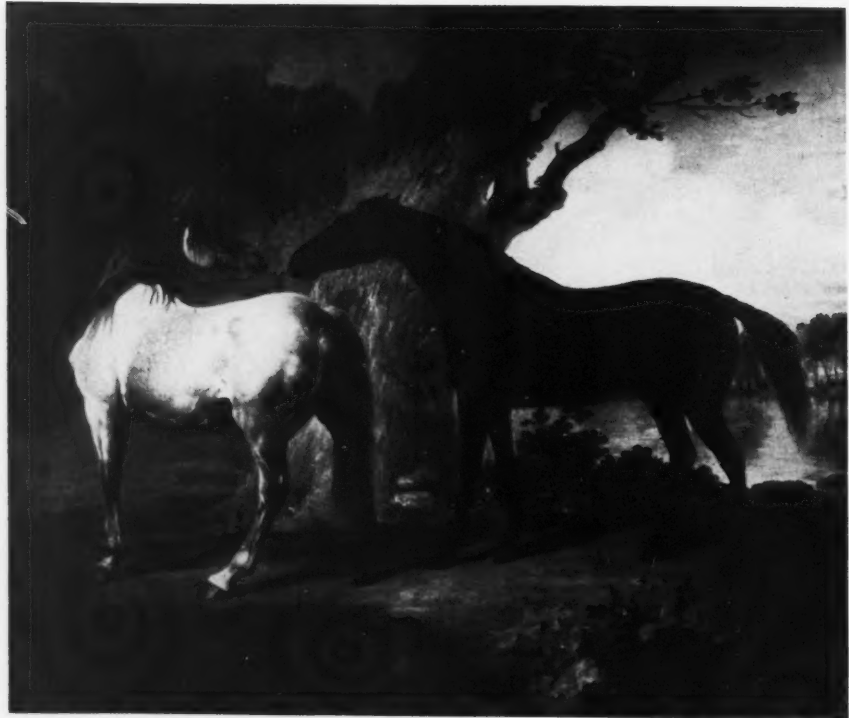
NAUM GABO'S MONUMENT
By David Lewis



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JUNE 1958

CONTRIBUTORS

Oscar Chelimsky is an American painter who has lived in Paris since 1948. He shows regularly at the Galerie Jeanne Bucher and in the annual salons of Paris. Earlier in the season his work was given a large exhibition at the Palais des Beaux-Arts in Brussels. In this country he is represented in the collection of the S. R. Guggenheim Museum in New York.

Clement Greenberg is well known as a critic of *avant-garde* art in New York. He is the author of books on Matisse and Miró. Currently he is at work on two new books, a collection of essays to be published by the Beacon Press and a general study of modern art to be published by Criterion Books. His essay in this number, "Sculpture in Our Time," will be included in the Beacon volume.

David Lewis is an English critic whose writings appear frequently in *Architectural Design* (London) and other publications abroad. He has written works on Mondrian and Brancusi, both published in New York by Wittenborn. The latter volume, just published here, is reviewed in this issue by Sidney Geist.

Leo Steinberg has lately been active as a lecturer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. He formerly conducted the "Month in Review" department for ARTS and has also written for *Partisan Review*, *Commentary* and other journals. He is currently traveling and studying in Europe.

Sidney Geist has exhibited his sculpture in a number of group exhibitions in New York this spring. His most recent contribution to ARTS was a review of Rodin's *On Art and Artists* in the April number. In this issue he reviews new books on *Arp*, *Gabo* and *Brancusi*.

Alfred Werner is at work on a major study of the painter Jules Pascin. He is currently traveling in Europe, gathering material for this and other works. He plans to visit London, Paris, Vienna, Florence, Copenhagen and other cities.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Readers are reminded that the next number of ARTS will appear on September 1.

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LETTERS

"THE BANQUET YEARS"

To the Editor:

In your May issue Mr. Lionel Abel, in his article entitled "Men Mad about Art: The Banquet Years," refers to the French Revolution of 1848 and declares that during that year Delacroix "went to the barricades."

At the risk of wallowing in pedantry's shallow pleasures, I'd like to point out that this is completely untrue. During the July Revolution of 1830 Delacroix had made a creditable showing in the street fighting in Paris, his passions inflamed by the sight of the Tricolor, and afterwards had painted his celebrated picture *Le 28 Juillet, 1830*, also known as *La Liberté Guidant le Peuple*. But at the outbreak of the 1848 revolution, he wrote his old friend Soulier: "As for me, I am as cold as marble." He was fifty years old, and he sternly told friends (and himself) that revolution was for youth and certainly did not concern middle-aged artists, who should have become too concerned with their careers to bother about politics.

I can only conclude that Mr. Abel's statement about Delacroix was a slip of his most able pen.

James Thrall Soby
New Canaan, Connecticut

EDITOR'S NOTE: The publication of Roger Shattuck's *The Banquet Years* (Harcourt, Brace and Co.), announced in connection with Mr. Abel's article, has been postponed until late June.

THEFT REPORTED



To the Editor:

The painting illustrated in the photograph [above] was stolen on March 4 from an exhibition of paintings by Salvatore Grippi held in the Art Education Gallery of New York University, 80 Washington Square East. The title of this painting is *Four Figures*. It is valued at \$275.00 and it is approximately thirty-four by twenty inches. The colors white, blue and red predominate. Any information as to its whereabouts will be appreciated.

Howard Conant, Chairman
Art Education Department
New York University

MUSEUM FIRE

To the Editor:

We want you to know how much we appreciate your sympathetic words about the Museum fire in the May issue of ARTS. As your magazine went to press before further reports were available, your readers might be interested in some additional information.

The fire started in the second-floor galleries

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which had been closed to the public for a week while workmen installed air-conditioning improvements. As the building is of poured-concrete construction and as fireproof as possible, the fire was confined to a relatively small area of seventy by seventy feet. The electrician who lost his life was employed by the air-conditioning contractor and had started work that day on that floor.

The two paintings* that were destroyed and the seven that were damaged (out of several thousand in the building) had been left in storage on the second floor because their size made it impractical to move them, or were hanging on the adjacent landing. All damaged paintings were from our own collection. None of the Seurats or Gris's in the two loan shows were damaged, nor were any films or any photographs in the Auditorium Gallery.

René d'Harnoncourt, Director
The Museum of Modern Art
New York City

- *Paintings which were lost:
Monet, *Water Lilies* (large canvas).
Portinari, *Festival of St. John's Eve*.
- Those damaged:
Boccioni, *The City Rises*.
Lam, *The Jungle*.
Monet, *Water Lilies* (smaller canvas).
Muller, *Faust I*.
Pollock, *Number 1*.
Rivers, *Washington Crossing the Delaware*.
Tchelitchev, *Hide and Seek*.

PROTEST IN BROOKLYN

To the Editor:
For all the lip service given to the concept of freedom of expression in contemporary art, it is a sad fact that today we find our judgment regulated by an academy of modernism.

This is an open letter to the Brooklyn and Long Island Artists and the public who will view their biennial exhibition. We are four professional artists whose work represents a distinct directional form. We have won national prizes and grants, exhibited nationally, and held numerous one-man shows in the past ten years. When the Brooklyn and Long Island Artists invited Brooklyn artists to submit paintings to their biennial exhibition, we welcomed the opportunity to present our work to the local community. We discussed the importance of the exhibition and decided to submit major paintings. Not one of our paintings was judged acceptable by the jury. An atmosphere has prevailed in the art world in recent years which has been prejudicial to certain traditional segments of representational art. We feel this tendency has now extended to the Brooklyn exhibition.

What are the conditions, then, for the professional Brooklyn artist who works full time at his art to be seen by the public in his borough? All of us have access to other areas of exhibition and sales, however; it is primarily the principle upon which this public exhibition has been judged which concerns us.

We feel that a tendency to conformism in art today limits the public's opportunity to view certain directions in contemporary art, and undermines the free marketplace of ideas.

Harvey Dinnerstein
Shelly Fink
David Levine
Burt Silverman

THE MUSEUM REPLIES

To the Editor:
Freedom of expression in art is indeed a reality in a country where the artist may paint and make sculpture as he pleases and where its citizens may purchase whatever art suits their taste.

The same freedom of choice prevails in submitting art work to competitive shows. A show of this kind is the combined venture of all submitting artists, the jury, the public, the staff of the institution which sponsors the exhibition and the civic-minded organizations contributing prizes, and full credit for its being should go to all of these. An open exhibition taking place in the vicinity of an art center like New York attracts many submissions, and artists entering work in such a show brave severe competition both in quantity and quality.

The regional exhibition of the work of Brooklyn and Long Island artists, held at the Brooklyn Museum from May 20 through September 1, was selected by a jury consisting of two practicing artists and the staff member of the Museum in charge of the exhibition. The names of the members of the jury were published in the entry forms. Thus submitting artists were doubly protected through being judged in majority by their peers whose names and work were familiar to them. Works were accepted for exhibition and for awards by majority vote. The necessity of rejecting work is always accompanied by regret.

Hertha Wegener
Assistant Curator of
Painting and Sculpture
The Brooklyn Museum

CORRECTION

To the Editor:
Your recent review in the May issue of ARTS incorrectly reported that my exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries (April 21-May 10) was the first one-man show of my work in New York. A one-man show of paintings was held in September of 1953 at the Artists' Gallery . . . Since then I have had seven others, including shows in San Antonio, Boston and Milan, Italy.

Walter Feldman
Providence, Rhode Island

MORE ON EQUITY

To the Editor:
You have raised a serious question ["Spectrum," February] concerning the professional character of Artist Equity members, but I am sure that your criticism has been sympathetically applauded by many members of that worthy organization, in spite of the vigorous protests of Mr. Newman.

I have no doubt that in the N.Y.C. chapter of A.E., there probably is not a single member who would not qualify regarding professional requirements; but how can Mr. Newman be so sure about such far-flung chapters as that of Seattle, Washington, for example?

Today, in Seattle, all of the charter members of A.E. have either withdrawn their membership, or cease to function actively—and that includes myself.

continued on page 61

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AUCTIONS

MODERNS IN CHARITY

AT THE Jacquemart André Museum in Paris, some two hundred works contributed by the artists themselves have been auctioned for the benefit of the Homes for Children of War Deportees, bringing a total of 6,000,000 francs, about \$18,000. A gouache by Chagall was sold for 800,000 francs, a Picasso drawing for 700,000, and a work by Jacques Villon for 250,000.

OLD MASTERS AT BRUSSELS

AT THE Palais des Beaux-Arts in Brussels, the spring season has seen the transfer of numerous old-master paintings. Among the works which changed hands are Jan Brueghel the Younger's *Landscape with Figures and Houses*, Jacob Jordaens' *St. Yves*, Pieter Neefs' *Interior of a Church*, Rubens' *Portrait of a Man*, David Teniers the Younger's *Interior with Two Smokers*, Gerard Ter Borch's *Young Woman Writing a Letter* and Willem van Leen's *Vase of Flowers*. The Rubens portrait brought 190,000 Belgian francs.

MARIE LOUISE STIRS FUROR

NO LESS than eight thousand letters addressed to Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon, were discovered some time ago in an attic. Reverting to the direct heirs of Marie Louise and of Count von Niepperg, who displaced Napoleon in her affections, the letters were to be auctioned recently in a sale at Karl and Taber's in Munich. Preliminary announcement of the sale brought repercussions in Napoleon's native Corsica—and elsewhere as well. Alerted by a continent-wide radio appeal, Corsicans dispersed throughout Europe subscribed to a fund set up to purchase Napoleonic letters for the Ajaccio Museum. The furor caught the attention of Austrian authorities, who challenged the legality of the conditions under which the documents had left the country. The letters are returning to Austria and will seemingly be auctioned in Vienna.

AUCTION CALENDAR

June 5 & 6, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Garden furniture and decorative objects, from the estate of the late Cornelius F. Kelley, and from other sources. Exhibition now.

June 10, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. United Jewish Appeal Auction, paintings, sculpture, *objets d'art*, furniture, antiques, jewelry. Exhibition from June 6.

June 13 & 14, at 10:15 a.m. and 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. American furniture and decorations, to be sold on the premises of Heritage House, Tarrytown, New York. Part I in sale of property from the estate of the late Lillian Ullman. Exhibition on premises June 11 & 12, from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

June 19, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French eighteenth-century furniture, paintings, Sevres bisque and other porcelains, silver, *bronze doré* and other decorative objects, from the estate of the late Ella Morris de Peyster, sold by order of executors. Exhibition from June 13.

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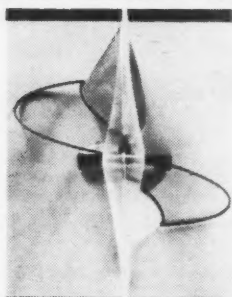
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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



William Kienbusch



Ada Louise Huxtable



Ezio Martinelli

Guggenheim Fellowship Awards for 1958 in the art field have been announced as follows for residents of New York State: **Emil John Antonucci**, **Alfred Henry Blaustein**, **John Franklin Haskins**, **Ada Louise Huxtable** (above), **William Kienbusch** (above), **Ezio Martinelli** (above), **Tetsuo Ochikubo**, **Charles Robert Oscar**, **Norman Joseph Rubington**, **Aubrey E. Schwartz**, **Sahl Swarz**, **Martin Weinberger** and **Romas Viesulas**. The fellowships, granted to men and women who have demonstrated a high capacity for original scholarly research and artistic creation, are intended to assist them in carrying on their studies.

Charles Baskerville was re-elected President of the National Society of Mural Painters during the organization's sixty-

third annual meeting held recently in New York City. Other officers elected were **Edward Laning**, First Vice-President, **David Asherman**, Second Vice-President, **Cliff Young**, Secretary, and **Robert Bushnell**, Treasurer.

Roy R. Neuberger was recently elected President of the American Federation of Arts at the organization's annual meeting in New York City to succeed **James S. Schramm**, who has completed a two-year term. The following officers were re-elected for another year: **George H. Fitch**, First Vice-President; **Lloyd Goodrich**, Second Vice-President; **David M. Solinger**, Third Vice-President; **Elizabeth S. Navas**, Secretary; **Lee A. Ault**, Treasurer.

NEWS NOTES

On June 7 the Cincinnati Art Museum will open an exhibition of the first large group of postwar Yugoslavian prints to be shown in this country. The seventy-eight prints constituted the Yugoslavian section of the Second International Print Exhibition held at the Modern Art Gallery of Ljubljana in 1957.

An exhibition of paintings by **Walt Kuhn**, lent by museums and private collectors in New York State, will open at the Albany Institute of History and Art on June 11 to run through July 6. Highlighting the exhibition will be the well-known *White Clown* recently added to the Harriman Collection. Kuhn, a pioneer of the modern movement in America and one of the organizers of the Armory Show in 1913, died in 1949.

Currently on view in Minneapolis is the 1958 Biennial of Paintings, Prints and Sculpture, a major regional exhibition sponsored by the Walker Art Center. Some 2,000 entries were submitted, and approximately \$8,500 was available for cash and purchase prizes through the co-operation of Minnesota business firms. The exhibition, which will continue

throughout the summer, was juried by critic **Andrew Carnduff Ritchie**, sculptor **Harold Tovish** and painter **Wilfred Zogbaum**.

In Cleveland, Ohio, the Howard Wise Gallery of Present-Day Painting inaugurated on May 28 the first United States exhibition of a major group of contemporary Japanese painters. Known as the Bizyutu Bunka Kyokai, this group, which exhibits annually at the Museum of Modern Art in Tokyo, has been founded for the purpose of fostering the development and appreciation of avant-garde painting in Japan.

On May 17 the Woodstock Guild of Craftsmen, in Woodstock, New York, dedicated the new Kleinert Memorial Wing and Gallery. Designed for art exhibitions, concerts and lectures, the wing is named in honor of the late **Herminie E. Kleinert** and **Leonie Kleinert Guinzburg**. On view at the opening was a retrospective of Miss Kleinert's paintings. The annual \$300 Kleinert Award to a Woodstock artist was presented at the opening by **Dorothy Varian** to painter **Bernard Steffen**.

in New York City, **William A. M. Burden**, President of the Board of Trustees of the Museum of Modern Art, and **René d'Harcourt**, Director of the Museum, were recently awarded the **Order of Merit** of the Federal Republic of Germany for their efforts in presenting the retrospective of "German Art of the Twentieth Century" at the Modern Museum in October, 1957.

The young American architect **Paul Rudolph** has been awarded the \$1,000 **Brunner Memorial Prize** in Architecture by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Mr. Rudolph, winner of several architectural competitions in the past, has recently been appointed chairman of the Department of Architecture at Yale University. The Brunner Award was presented to Mr. Rudolph at the Joint Annual Ceremonial of the National Institute and the American Academy of Arts and Letters on May 21. Also awarded at that time were six Institute Grants of \$1,500; the recipients are artists **Charles H. Alston**, **David Aronson**, **Al Blaustein**, **Herbert Katzman**, **Seymour Lipton** and **Jack Zajac**.

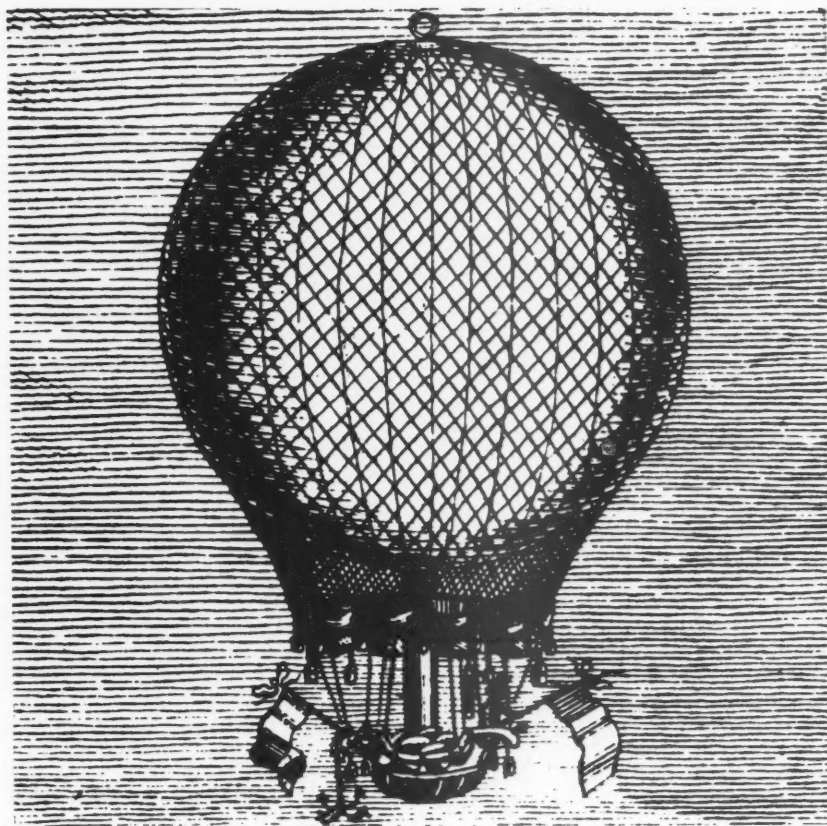
Sam Hunter, Associate Curator of the Department of Painting and Sculpture of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, has been appointed **Chief Curator** of the **Minneapolis Institute of Arts**. Mr. Hunter has lectured extensively and is the author of *Modern French Painting*, published in 1956, as well as a number of monographs on contemporary masters. Along with his curatorial duties in Minneapolis he will assume responsibility for the Institute's publications and its exhibition program.

Widney Gordin, **John von Wicht**, **Reuben Tam** and **Aubrey Schwartz** have been selected top prizewinners in an exhibition of major works by one hundred painters, sculptors and graphic artists of Brooklyn and Long Island, on view at the Brooklyn Museum through September 1. Honorable Mentions went to **Ralph Dubin**, **Walter Williams** and **Chaim Koppelman**. (See articles on John von Wicht by Dorothy Gees Seckler and Reuben Tam by Suzanne Burrey in ARTS, November, 1957, and February, 1958, respectively.)

OBITUARIES

Ralph M. Pearson, artist and critic, died at the age of seventy-four on April 27 at his home in South Nyack, New York.

Arthur C. Friedrichs, president of the E. H. and A. C. Friedrichs Co., manufacturers of artists' materials, died of a heart attack on May 2 while attending a trade convention in Chicago.



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Art, Taste and the Community

SEVERAL years ago I suggested in this column that the art world organize a campaign to have a national art week. At the time I pointed out that there are weeks in honor of such diverse things as pickles, can openers, health, youth and books. Some of these make sense. Others are petty and purely commercial. Why not a national art week? The reason is simple—no one will take the leadership and little support can be generated.

This year the Art Material Club of New York, which is composed of materials manufacturers and distributors, took a step and got the mayor to proclaim a city art week in June. Except for the efforts of a few individual members of the club, there has been little support for the idea, and as things now stand the week will be little more than a proclamation and an occasional poster. The lack of response is partly due to an inadequate budget for public relations, but it is also due to the fact that art still has not really become an active part of American life. It remains for the few.

Whether we like it or not, the so-called American way of life is increasingly one of speed and bigness, chrome, T.V., newness and spectatorship. True, there are more artists and art students, more museum visitors; and more works of art, original or otherwise, are sold each year. But art remains insignificant in society. Our own bigness, or lack of it, does not concern me, but the fact that we have been able to do so little to create a better living environment does. Individually we perhaps cannot do much about stopping the testing of nuclear weapons, preventing crime and delinquency or keeping down the cost of living. Nevertheless there are many areas of life which we can affect. In particular we can affect taste and public planning.

I have long been concerned with the complete lack of historical preservation of everything that does not pertain to war. If a battle was fought in a swamp, the swamp becomes a national monument. But the homes of our great artists, writers, musicians and scholars must make way for new skyscrapers and thoroughways. In New York alone dozens of buildings with historical significance or beauty, such as the Mark Twain House and the Produce Exchange, have vanished in favor of big, drab office buildings and apartments. Soon our cities will contain nothing of the past and little of beauty, although they will probably be very functional.

A few artists have been commissioned to do murals and sculpture for new office buildings; the results, however, have usually been as cold as the buildings themselves. As for public buildings and parks, one must search far to find anything except occasional dull monuments by uncontroversial, traditional artists. How startling it would be to see a Lipchitz, Calder or Smith in Central Park or on the Boston Common. It is a sad fact, but even in our embassies in other countries we have almost no examples of original American art. All we can show to the world are reproductions which the State Department distributes en masse. Our public and commercial domains are normally divorced from culture and esthetics.

WE STILL have beautiful wildernesses, magnificent natural monuments and even some wildlife left, but like the Indians they are vanishing under the eroding influence of mining operations, housing developments, highways and military testing grounds. Not since William Penn specified that a certain percentage of land had to be left in woodlots have we really tried to protect the beauty of nature and wildlife. Today it would be almost impossible for painters such as Bingham,

Bierstadt and Blakelock to find appropriate subjects. Tomorrow it may well be completely impossible unless those of us who care for esthetic values protect them now. This applies particularly in our cities, where public open space and vegetation cannot be taxed and therefore have little value to our city fathers. Almost no cities have added new parks in recent years, and many have allowed "civilization" to encroach on their remaining open areas. In New York, for example, there is pressure to build a large roadway through Washington Square Park, thus destroying the only real park between the Battery and Central Park.

About the only bright spot in the steady advance of concrete and steel is the recent action of Congress to discourage billboards along our national highway system. Unfortunately a climate for beauty and art in public places cannot be just legislated into existence. It is up to education, and in this area the museums and art schools have been sadly remiss.

Many in the museum world will disagree when I suggest, as Edgar Schenck did on this page in March, 1957, that attendance is not the only goal of museums. By showing a *September Morn*, or for that matter a collection of nudes, by hiring a high-power public-relations expert or by giving out free drinks, a museum will build attendance, but will it really serve its purpose? At this point one might ask what purpose a museum should serve. It seems to me that there are four main functions for most museums: (1) as an historical collection to preserve great and unusual art of the past and present, (2) as an educational institution for the general public as well as scholars, (3) as a place in which to display important works of art to a large public, and (4) as an institution which will stimulate thinking, improve standards of taste and lead the public to demand both preservation of natural beauty and more art of high quality in our environment. How many museums can say that they attempt even part of this latter program? Perhaps two or three!

As civilization becomes more complex and the pace of life faster, man has need for more beauty and cultural stimulation. More than ever we need an esthetic satisfaction which cannot come from automation or spectatorship. Little initiative in this sphere is to be expected from national leaders who are more concerned with armaments and elections. The leadership must come instead from the various arts. Toward this end the museums and educational institutions must expand their objectives and develop programs which will excite the minds of men. Only then will the public demand a more beautiful environment and the protection of our esthetic heritage.

Daniel Catton Rich

WE NOTE with regret the resignation of Daniel Catton Rich as director of the Art Institute of Chicago. Mr. Rich's contributions to the art world during the thirty-one years that he served at Chicago are far too numerous to list here. It suffices to say that he has shown himself to be one of the most creative museum officials in this country and did much to bring the Art Institute to its present position of leadership.

Dan Rich not only initiated many of the finest art exhibitions to be held in this country in recent years, but also made his museum an exciting cultural center. He is one of those rare officials who combine vision, imagination and the courage to stand up to trustees in defense of cherished convictions. We wish him continued success in his new position as Director of the Worcester Art Museum.

—J. M.



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PARIS

Daumier's sculpture at the Bibliothèque Nationale . . . a broad showing of contemporaries at the Claude Bernard Gallery . . . the mastery of several domains in the work of Harold Cousins . . . Marta Pan's concern with architecture and the dance . . .

BY ANNETTE MICHELSON

LOCKED behind glass, set higher and lower than eye level, somewhat difficult to get at and around, forty-five pieces of Daumier's sculpture are now on view in the commemorative show at the Bibliothèque Nationale. They are, of course, surrounded by a great many of the irresistible lithographs, the two versions of the bas-relief, *Les Emigrants*, and the relics and documents appropriate to the official exhibition. Seeing them, however, one feels the lack of an immediate context. They shock. They give one a sense not of evolution, but of a sudden, unprecedented and inexplicable mutation.*

They seem a moment of beginning, the deep and authentic source of modern sculpture in France, and nothing we know about them quite suffices to explain or account for them. Their power far transcends the satirical impulse common to Daumier's generation. Nor can we link them in any way to a current or preceding sculptural tradition or style. The weakness of sculpture in early nineteenth-century France was due largely to the fact that it confined itself to a heavily iconographic affirmation and exaltation of Romantic themes. Neither in Rude, David d'Angers nor in Barye (to take only three of its principal figures) did it often attain a style of its own. It was, in fact, hampered (as Surrealist painting was later to be vitiated) by its attempt to convert Neo-Classicism (in David's case) and a Baroque realism (in Barye's case, and for all his brilliance) to the uses of Romanticism. The hints of an authentic style in Préault and in Gaillon are only hints, and Daumier is the first sculptor of a modern Romantic tradition which was to culminate eventually in Rodin.

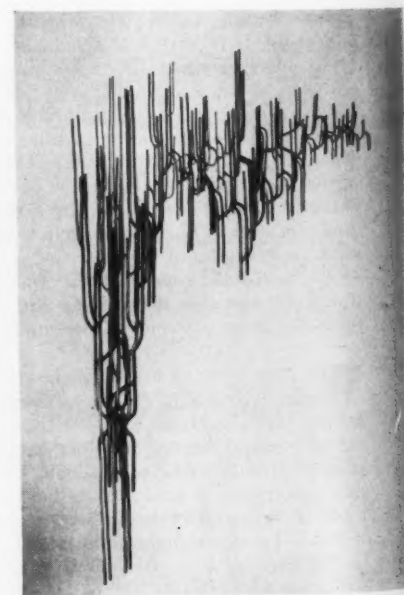
Essential to both Daumier and Rodin and to the modern current which they represent is a sense of sculpture as process, and of the formal power of this sense when projected explicitly through modeling to stimulate a kinetic recapitulation of that process in the spectator. I have said that these small busts have no real sculptural precedent, and that is true. I also said, however, that they have no context. That, as anyone slightly familiar with Daumier's painting knows, is not wholly true. Yet I do not believe that the famous sculptural quality of the painting is quite identical with the character of these portraits. Sculptural though that painting may be, it is so in a very general sense, and not always in Daumier's. In certain drawings however, in what is presumed to be a portrait of Corot or in the *Avocat Déclamant* (also known as *Le Geste Oratoire*), we get a suggestion of what I have in mind. In both of these, and more particularly in the Corot, the broken continuity of the lines, the eloquent spaces between them and the tension of those spaces attest to the delicate, attentive, circulating, constant hovering of the hand about a central zone or core, the object, which is not delineated, but implied by the direction and intensity of the pencil strokes. This meditative movement of the pencil or the brush which established the object's presence rather than its image is the immediate reflection of the artist's consciousness hovering about the work in creation, and our final experience of that work (and our joy in it) is indistinguishable from our experience of the hand in motion, the

sensibility in action.

The technical agents of this action in the sculpture are, naturally, the freedom and speed of the modeling, the breaking up of the surfaces into the multifaceted areas which trap and marshal light. This technique was obviously designed to intensify the expressivity and even (despite the caricatural quality of the works) the interiority of the portrait. It seems, nevertheless, constantly to shift and call into question the movement of the figure's larger contours and to proclaim the interest of a sculptural process which celebrates its own incarnation, giving to sculpture a resonance that had been missing in France, at least since Houdon. This celebration culminates, eventually, in Rodin, who plays the demiurge with an explicitness amounting at times to swagger, creating in forms emerging from the raw blocks of marble a series of consciously literary parables of incarnation. But it will reach a kind of paroxysmic intensity in the postwar work of Giacometti. The entire "oeuvre" now seems a demarcation of the threshold of creation. The insistent presence of the hand and of the restless thumb is intensified so that not only will each facet modify, inflect or question the general movement of contour, but each new sculpture (in the series of standing figures, male and female, the portraits of Diego) seems to constitute a variant, continuation, modification, affirmation or negation of the last, the work just creating or re-creating itself before us, and all of them together a prolonged reaching toward an "oeuvre."

IT WOULD have been interesting to try to determine the exact present place of this current through the large exhibition of contemporary sculpture held earlier this year at the Claude Bernard Gallery, but that was not really possible. This was, as everyone agreed, one of the more important shows of the season, but that impor-

Harold Cousins, LES VOSGES; at Claude Bernard Gallery.



*Editor's Note: See page 45 for Alfred Werner's review of *Daumier Sculpteur*, a comprehensive study by Maurice Gobin.

tance was rather difficult to define. One returned frequently, hoping each time for "conclusions," a picture of "the situation" of sculpture, and one realized, finally, that the importance lay not in its analytic quality, nor even in its scope, which was amazing, but in its character as a public demonstration, a blow struck for sculpture in a difficult period and a nearly desperate situation.

M. Claude-Bernard Haim had mounted his show well, lighted it simply and untheatrically with an endearing respect for problems posed by conflicting, closely neighboring styles, media, textures and scales. It was quite free of didacticism, but organized nevertheless about a kind of central axis of benevolent, protecting Master Presences. Work by more than sixty European, American and South American sculptors comprised the exhibition. It was, in fact, a small international Salon, almost unprecedented here in recent gallery history. It had therefore the urgency and the publicity of a call to attention, a proclamation of the continuing, underground existence of French sculpture. It demonstrated, too, that the community of sculptural effort which had for so long profitably centered about Paris had now shifted and extended itself internationally—this is a point which still needs emphasis here. Most of all, it spoke for the young sculptor, attempting to mobilize interest, to command attention and private support for a medium which had had, during the Third Republic and roughly until the death of Bourdelle, a certain amount of public support. Suspended, as if in apotheosis, *Le Nouveau-Né* of Brancusi presided over the exhibition, an impeccably finished image of generation, reflecting every piece around it.

Owing to the size of a gallery, a number of pieces were, inevitably, falsified. The tiny Moore, for example, became a vague and ritual gesture of encouragement, a telegram from the Distant Master. The Reg Butler nude, which I take to be a small, preparatory version of the very large piece exhibited last year in London, involved the taut and delicate balancing of heavy masses on a minimal, tiptoe base (it is easier, because tauter, than the Gaston Lachaise of which it reminds one). In this midget version, it could not come off, even conceptually. A great many sculptors were represented at different stages or levels of their careers, and the contrast, for example, between a first-rate Beaudin (one does not see enough of Beaudin's sculpture) and a perfunctory Braque was meaningless.

Rather than attempt to force conclusions from an exhibition which contained none, rather than tick off the list of those present, rather than attempt to affirm or contradict Mr. Geist's remarks in the March issue of ARTS on a number of the younger participants (Chilida, Penalba, Etienne-Martin). I should, I think, note a few surprises: the Kricke, for instance, which cut the air with its arrow-thin pieces of metal mounted in ragged, not quite parallel constellations which thickened, here and there, and fused into one another. For all the apparently casual freedom of its thrusting movement, it is as authoritarian in its insistence on being seen from one given position as anything Baroque. Actually, it cannot be seen from the side; it has less of a cross section than an Hajdu marble. The César seemed to depend less than usual on the flashy, attractive, loosely witty and somewhat haphazard manipulation of ready-made parts. It had, in fact, almost none of that emphasis on *bricolage*, or "tinkering," which makes César the most brilliant handyman of his generation. This piece, a headless, torso-less body, was modeled with the loving carefulness of a Marini, and it was not much more exciting. The confrontation of Signori and Gilioli was interesting. Signori is to have a room to himself at the Biennale this year, but the carefully polished marble piece (Signori teaches at Carrara) shown here seemed poor rather than austere in its simplicity. The Gilioli, on the other hand, reminded one, in its astute manipulation of the simplest, heaviest closed forms, that Gilioli's monuments are the most arresting done here since the end of the war. One would be tempted to conclude from the exhibition that the Neo-Plasticists are in retreat. Nicolas Schoffer's tiresomely academic piece was quite alone. M. Haim's eye is selective, however, and we all know that the Salon des Réalités Nouvelles will bring them out of hiding.

Two of the younger sculptors represented, Cousins and Pan, have since had exhibitions of their own. Harold Cousins, whose metal piece, *Les Vosges*, was one of the most striking sculptures shown, is an American who has been working in Paris since 1949. Several of his reliefs and architectures are now on view at the handsome new American Cultural Center in the Rue du Dragon. Cousins' versatility and mastery of about four domains of sculptural activity are quite dazzling. Of those pieces which aspired, with varying success, in the Claude Bernard show, to a maximum

use of openness and interstice, his was by far the most interesting. *Les Vosges* established a changing rhythm of interlacing, threadlike forms which were counterpointed by their own shadows reflected on the wall to which the work was affixed. *The Forest* is a larger, more complex working of the same theme, within a more stable, more squared-off frame. Both of these pieces come out of an earlier, somewhat experimental series of immense welded works in which the rhythms of what one feels to be a number of separate scaffoldings grope toward a relationship which is imposed through the use of joining or fusing bolts or nuts, then stopped by the assertive ends of tubing.

Cousins has now freed himself of this device, and his pieces, whether extremely legible or bewilderingly complex, like *La Forêt*, move of themselves, without the kind of heavy punctuation of these earlier works. A relief in welded iron, copper, brass and stainless steel (its title is *KI-13*) and a recent *Sculpture* both demonstrate his ability to focus a maximum of closely interinvolved, heavy, slightly curving surfaces about a central stable axis, investing that axis with their taut, tentative movement, yet never violating it. Also, he brings to even his heaviest pieces (and there is an enormous suspended abstract frieze, a recent work in iron, copper and brass) the ability to animate surfaces through the use of color. The play of copper and brass against iron or steel, the use of degrees of oxidation are developed to a very high point.

MARTA PAN has been showing a group of sculptures, mainly wood, sometimes metal, at the Arnaud Gallery. Miss Pan is involved in a crisis of experimentation; her highly polished forms spin, slide, gyrate, oscillate, swing and tremble. Her shapes are, for the most part, refined transpositions of organic forms. Her work comes out of Brancusi and Arp, but her extremely slick and somewhat erotically suggestive manipulation and enlargement of natural forms (shell, flower, egg) suggest a sensibility more akin to Georgia O'Keeffe's. Miss Pan, unlike Miss O'Keeffe, however, has been for some time very explicitly concerned with the relationship of the visual arts to architecture and the dance, and the simplicity and slightly doctrinaire quality of her concern is probably due as much to the present indigent state of architecture and choreography here as to any personal failure of talent or taste.

Miss Pan's best-known piece is probably *Le Teck*, a large wooden sculpture in two interlocking parts (Miss Pan is, as a matter of fact, at her inventive best in a series of works designed in two parts meant to be seen separately or together), conceived as an eminently "functional" décor for Maurice Bejart's "experimental ballet," which was performed at the 1956 "Avant-Garde Festival" held in the Le Corbusier Cité d'Habitation in Marseille. This décor moved and interacted with the movements of the dancers. All this is rather attractive in its somewhat limited and dated way, but one feels, looking at the infinitely painstaking finish of the pieces now on view in Paris, that the enormous care, the artisanal conscientiousness, that has gone into these slight works balanced on steel pins or revolving on platforms represents an effort painfully disproportionate to the minimal effect obtained; there is a sense of strain, of mountains laboring to produce mice. There is also, apparently, the danger of something else: vulgarity. One ingeniously suspended, helmet-like form was covered with leather. It had the superfluous, funereal opulence of some "desk set" element on sale in the Rue du Faubourg-St. Honoré, and was particularly disturbing in view of the two or three really successful pieces in the show. These included the *Balance en Deux*, in which the undulating surfaces of two somewhat flattened, cakelike forms revolved against each other, their surfaces threatening to collide but remaining tangential.

Maria Pan, BALANCE EN DEUX; at Arnaud Gallery.



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LONDON

The monotypes of Degas in an exhibition at the Lefevre Gallery . . . his genius in "translating" . . . its rewards and its limitations . . . contrasts and similarities with Picasso's logic of fragmentation

BY PATRICK HERON

DEGAS often bores me. Almost never, in looking at his oil paintings, is my pleasure quite complete. Always one comes up against evidence of a limitation, a literalness of vision which inhibits his natural gusto and verve as a composer. I would describe this failing, further, as an inability to forget, or overlook, the exact placing of objects in the visual field, there before him in reality. With an eye as naturally sharp and as brilliantly trained in observing visual reality as any in the recent history of painting, Degas was nonetheless unable to relax away from this discipline of capturing the data of light and shadow, contour, outline, silhouette and soft or sharp mass. The precise position of every object—its edges and its perspective, its masses and its tones—this was brilliantly seen and set down in swift and faithful accents on paper or canvas. A photographic plate, exposed to capture the same scene, would corroborate the angle of the divan; or the exact point at which the advancing edge of the mirror cuts into the shoulder of the nude woman; or the precise direction and rotundity and *slope* of the thigh of the standing girl. Degas could see precisely where everything was, and could record this information with a handwriting possessing that paradoxical *tense looseness* which is the characteristic only of a master. Nothing is lacking in Degas's execution, ever. His touch, whether with a short square brush, a soft charcoal stick, or a pastel stump, is always utterly expressive, combining the sharpest and most delicate precision of detail with an immensely broad and fluent scribble.

Whenever, as happens from time to time, I am persuaded that my general conclusion (that Degas is boring) is, after all, wrong, it is invariably some fragmentary thing, some drawing in furry-soft, yet iron-tough outline of a woman's back, or her breasts and arms and neck, perhaps, that convinces me; and it generally is a drawing, or a composition in pastel, and not a painting. Perhaps one reason why I find Degas's oil paintings much less alive than his graphic works is that color tends to be more abstract in the latter. Even in the pastels the different strokes remain comparatively separate, as statements of pure color, merging only in your eye (not on the paper) to produce an atmospheric effect. But in the oil paintings colors are literally merged, or mixed together, into tonal pastes. There is always great beauty in the subtle tonalities; but, again, such eminently tonal color is a shade too literal in its faithfulness to the subject. Both in the nature of his flat, misty color (he rarely used a color mixture which had no white in it) and in the character of his composition, Degas was, in the final analysis, limited by the dictates of a too photographic eye. Even where color and paint texture are completely at variance with photographic reality (and photographs, it must always be remembered, are not in the least like the things they are of: photographs are like photographs), the drawing and the position and proportions of the objects in a Degas are always approximating to that version of things which we achieve by using a camera.

IHAVE been prompted to reflect in this manner on Degas by the showing at the Lefevre Gallery, in April and May, of thirty-six of his monotypes, plus a handful of drawings, pastels

and small bronzes. A most interesting display—the monotypes presenting exactly that overlooked element of energetic directness in Degas's art which is likely to mean something to contemporary painters. Here is a freedom, boldness, knowledge, a speed and thrust, which remind one at once of Picasso in the famous series of ink drawings of a young nude model and a decrepit painter, which he made between "November 28, 1953, and February 3, 1954."

Taken for the most part from Degas's *maison close* series (1879-80), these are brilliant brush-drawings of plumpish women, sprawled on sofas, and nude except for shoes and neckbands (occasionally black stockings too). A single, wet, fat brush-stroke skids down the outline of arm or thigh; the soft, sideways-twisting smudge of a drier brush, and the shadowed side of stomach and torso is there. It is in the speed and evocative economy of such lines and marks of pure drawing that Degas here reminds one of Picasso—and not, of course, in the nature of the resulting image. The sheer calligraphy of such lines is, naturally, exciting to us in an abstract sense. Yet it is the coexistence of such gliding smudges, such stabs and sputters of a cunning brush, with a fantastically precise evocation of an undistorted three-dimensional scene that constitutes Degas's particular genius. In *Dans le Salon d'une Maison Close*, Degas's fat girl stands, three-dimensionally, in the measurable interior of the salon. The illusion of her body, at precisely five yards' distance from the spectator's eye, is exact. The big vertical brush-strokes which occupy the entire right-hand section of the sheet we at once read as part of a screen or protruding wall (even as part of a door). The oval mirror, the divan, the half-chair—all these seem overwhelmingly *present*, possessed of their usual identities, and in exactly the right places in the space which is the room. Yet each is in fact a mere smudge, or arrangement of smudges.

TODAY we make smudges very like this, but without intending any illusionistic context. Yet the excitement in this Degas monotype does not stop at pleasure in the marks the artist has made; nor at the apprehension of the abstract vitality of such marks—seen, for instance, in the rhythmic interaction of the great variety of touches and gestures of the brush; and in the variety in their tempo. No: without a doubt, the thrill is keenest, in looking at Degas, when we *identify* the tautly rippling, blotching, wobbling ink-smudge of a line with the silhouette of an arm. His genius lay in *translation*—the transferring onto a flat surface of the optical image which a recognizable object, say a nude woman, projects onto the retina. The object has to be a familiar one, so that we can, at a given signal, proceed to inject into Degas's summary transcription of it all that we already know about it. Look at the girl's right arm in this *Dans le Salon d'une Maison Close*. It is virtually in one plane, flat from the shoulder blade to the wrist. The boss or protuberance of elbow or shoulder is flattened out of existence, in the *plane*; but we read these bulges back into it again on account of our immediate understanding of the two outlines which enclose this arm.

*See this column for July, 1955.

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Degas, DANS LE SALON D'UNE MAISON CLOSE; at Lefevre Gallery.



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Degas, REPOS SUR LE LIT.

And this is typical of Degas's entire output: that is to say—form is not evoked or defined by direct plastic modeling, but by an extremely powerful linear imagery. Hence the curious discrepancy between the actual plane created by Degas's hatching (whether in pastel or oil) and the plane (of arm or buttock or sofa) which that plane of hatching strokes is there to "represent." Between the evenly thick outlines of arm or leg the curving plane of hatched strokes seems often to lift up from, and float just above, the arm or leg which is being defined. And this is partly due to the fact that Degas's line defines primarily in one direction only—inward, toward the center of mass of the object depicted. Thus we find the smudgy flesh of this standing nude girl far more packed with form and meaning (between its powerful outlines) than, say, the small area of the wall behind her that we see in the gap between her extended right arm and her hip and thigh. In fact, this *shape*, this piece of wall that is outlined by the line defining the underside of her arm and the line defining her right breast, waist, hip and thigh—this piece of flat wall does not *make* a "shape," in itself, at all. It is quite negative, as a formal facet in the total design of the picture.

IN OTHER WORDS, Degas's thought always first created separate, single objects (each being defined *inward*, from its silhouette), and only then did it concern itself with the relation of one object to another, and of each to all. Thus we get a powerful, complete, entirely self-

sufficient image of the nude which only *relates* to the other objects in the picture because, for reasons solely of what might be called "subject-matter logic," it must be surrounded by a "floor," a "wall," a "screen" and "chair," and so on. Otherwise this perfectly complete nude-woman-image would appear just to be floating there, on the paper or canvas. But there is no formal cohesion, no plastic rhythm, binding the forms in the woman's body into the forms of chair, wall, floor or sofa. There is virtually no abstract *rapprochement* between *any* of the forms in the composition, which remain essentially separate. Renoir or Bonnard (both greater painters) would, each in his way, have given the planes of every object in such a composition as this an absolute formal value, a frontalized swivel, which would have rendered them all equally important as elements in the total picture.

But since Degas's logic, in composing, is in the realm of the subject rather than that of abstract design, the actual pictorial *shapes* which he makes out of his surrounding forms of floor and wall (the central woman-form being the main *data* which he must not alter or distort) are extremely flimsy. Lines of perspective enforce upon him a splayed-out wedge, for the floor, every time—and this wedge always spreads out across the bottom of the composition in such a way that the bottom corners are curiously empty; void of any formal weight or content. And the accidents of placing (in the real scene) similarly enforce upon him such horribly arbitrary hunks of formless shape as

that made by the slice of oval mirror in this picture. And so on. Eventually, one realizes that Degas represents the art of illusionism at its very apex: it was impossible to make the woman and the bed *more* "real" without discarding the quality of art; and it was impossible to further intensify the quality of art without losing something of Degas's miraculously skillful illusionism.

To come back to the Picasso drawings of 1953-54 which I mentioned, one finds in them an intense *evocation* of *parts* of their subjects—a breast, a face in profile, a hand or a knee—rather than an illusionistic representation of the whole subject. Degas by comparison (and I think the little white, voracious female in his *Repos sur le Lit* is curiously Picassian) gives us more logic: a smudge of ink in Degas is always *something*—a shadow or an object. In the Picassos, a black wedge of ink running down beside a creamy bosom may have started life as the shadow of the chair, or something; but it has ended up as simply a wedge of black ink! So we move, in a single Picasso drawing, from representation (or *evocation*, as I would prefer to call it) to pure abstraction, and back again, as we make our way across the paper. But this switching from idiom to idiom is, after all, only another sort of logic. And already, this logic of fragmentation of Picasso's is a thing of the past. Today we are interested once again in achieving the utmost in the way of formal unity. With all his anti-abstract, near-photographic characteristics, Degas nonetheless achieved astonishing consistency and unity in expression.



Special Sculpture Number

Constantin Brancusi died in Paris more than a year ago. Long before that, his name had passed into the history of modern art as one of its greatest masters. Yet, compared with the endless flood of commentary and publicity which surrounds the names of his Parisian contemporaries, the writings on Brancusi—on both the man and his art—have been notable for their scarcity. On the occasion of this Special Sculpture Number, the Editors of ARTS take pleasure in publishing this memoir by an American painter who was Brancusi's friend and neighbor during his last years.

A MEMOIR OF BRANCUSI

BY OSCAR CHELIMSKY

It was by the purest chance that I first met Brancusi. One Sunday afternoon in early autumn, 1948, my wife and I were strolling in Paris. We had been there only a very short time, and I was looking for a studio. On the corner of the Rue de Vaugirard and the Impasse Ronsin I noticed what seemed to be a three-story factory building, with big sheets of translucent glass forming its walls. Upon inquiry the concierge told me she knew of nothing available but that farther down the block lived a "très gentil" sculptor who, she thought, would be sure to help. On a scrap of paper she wrote the name "Brankusi," and, a little stunned, I made my way down the hill to his atelier.

I found Brancusi standing in the garden talking to a friend. Stocky, with a long white beard, he had the most alert and mischievous eyes I have ever seen. He was wearing a beautiful English tweed suit which, curiously enough, I never saw again; in our subsequent encounters he invariably wore the sculptor's blouse and trousers. Shaking his hand was like grasping a piece of stone. His manner appeared simultaneously friendly and withdrawn as he told me he knew of no vacant studios but suggested I speak to his concierge. She turned out to be a kind and gentle person to whom I thereafter paid fortnightly visits because she could not bring herself to tell me there was no hope of having an atelier. A year later she gave me the names and addresses which led to my obtaining a studio.

Brancusi had lived on the Impasse Ronsin since the 1920's. The entire length of this dead-end passage is less than one hundred yards, and, as a "cité d'artistes," it is characteristic of artists' living quarters in Paris. (There are fewer and fewer of these, and it is a pity, because they were a kind of citadel where the artist could live cheaply and according to his individual inclination, stimulated by contact with his fellows; at the same time they allowed him considerable social freedom insofar as his status was automatically recognized, if not always accepted.)

Brancusi's five ateliers were similar to all the others of the impasse. Built directly on the ground with no second story, they consisted of four windowless walls, perhaps four yards high, and their dimensions were about six yards by five. The roof was made up of two slanting spans, one of red tile, the

other of glass, which started from the tops of two opposite walls and met at a height of some eight yards. The span facing north was of glass and let in an unbelievably beautiful light. Brancusi had arranged three of his ateliers to serve as working quarters and installed two for living.

In 1949 few Parisians suspected the bucolic life which reigned in the heart of the metropolis only a few steps from one of its biggest and busiest arteries. Among the abundant foliage, much of which Brancusi tended himself, cats, dogs, chickens, rabbits and even a majestic goose ran about as they do on any farm. And although one might hear an occasional auto horn, there was a farmlike sense of peace.

AFTER my first brief meeting with Brancusi I didn't see him again until I moved to the impasse over a year later. My atelier, uninhabited for some fifteen years, was falling in ruins. It presented special repair problems, particularly since I was alone at the job and without funds. Brancusi, whose philosophy was that one *should* be alone at a job, without funds, and have to solve special problems in special ways, was almost enthusiastic about my plight. Eventually he would come around of himself to see how the work was progressing. If he found me up against an insoluble problem—which was generally the case—he would rally all the young available artists in the neighborhood and, with tremendous gusto and a look of childlike amusement, lead the work.

It was a cold and rainy autumn, and it soon became impossible to continue without a fire. The installation of the stove was mainly a question of throwing up eight yards of stovepipe. We had a four-yard ladder. A friend and I assembled the sections of stovepipe in the garden and marched the whole eight yards of it into the atelier to Brancusi's gleeful cries of "*Avanti, aVAnTi!*" The problem was clear, and difficult enough. Successively, the two of us climbed to the top of the ladder, hoisted up the stovepipe, and tried to hold it sufficiently steady to fit it into the chimney—a hole about six inches in diameter, four yards away. We swayed obstinately and futilely back and forth until, exhausted, we had to look about for another means of surmounting the difficulty. We were mentally manipulating ropes, levers and pulleys when Brancusi with a grunt of disgust seized the pipe and, in spite of his seventy-three years, scrambled up the ladder with it before we could stop him. We stood there transfixed with horror as he swung up and back over our heads until, after a few misses, he actually suc-

Brancusi in his atelier (1955). Photograph by Wayne Miller, courtesy Magnum.

A MEMOIR OF BRANCUSI

ceeded in pushing the pipe home. The next day when I came to work I found, hanging from the doorknob, a beautiful poker which he had forged himself.

One rainy day shortly thereafter I arrived at my studio to find Brancusi on his roof repairing the tiles. I called out to ask if there was something I could do. He said he was finished and started slowly descending the ladder. The rain was coming down hard, and fearing that his wooden shoes might slip, I put out my hand to help. He brusquely pulled back his arm and barked that he needed no assistance whatever.

The independence and self-sufficiency of the man were extraordinary. One summer during his middle years, feeling the need to be alone and work, he borrowed the house of a friend which stood by itself in the middle of a deep woods, and went there with his dog. During his stay he slipped off a high balcony and broke his leg. He hauled himself up a flight of steps to his bed, set the leg as well as he could, and took care of himself for four days until the arrival of his friend. He suffered the rest of his life from rheumatism due to incorrect healing.

SHORTLY after our installation in the new studio, Brancusi told me he was expecting some people to visit him the following Sunday and asked me to come with my wife. We accordingly crossed the garden path three days later and pulled the wire ring which set off the gong at Brancusi's studio door. This gong, deep and sonorous, always rang a solemn prelude; it could cast a momentous shadow over even the simplest neighborly gossip. We had brought with us, American-fashion, a bottle of wine which we proffered warmly to our host—who, just as warmly or even hotly, refused it. He told us he never drank, had no use for wine, and he snapped his eyes at us furiously. Nonplussed and unable to think of anything to say, we all confronted each other a moment in perfect silence, and then he turned to his other guests, a well-dressed, handsome young woman and her escort who was built like a football player; we withdrew crestfallen to a corner where we remained for the rest of the afternoon.

The studio was stupefying—I had not seen it before. It was like a cathedral built for a carpenter. Of the walls that had stood between the three studios, one had been removed entirely, leaving a very large room, about fifteen yards by seven, and the other wall had a generous opening about three yards square. The sculptures, most of them covered with cloth, seemed to be quite carefully arranged. In the far corner a round slab of cement, six feet in diameter and eighteen inches thick, superimposed on a smaller cylinder, served as a work table. Lying across it was a gigantic piece of plaster—the work in progress—*Le Coq*, which he told us was commissioned by U. S. Steel. (This work was unfortunately never cast in steel because Brancusi wanted it done in one piece, and U. S. Steel, considering the expense, opted for several pieces.) One wall had a huge red drape, another an ultramarine of the same size, and the couch was yellow.

Brancusi seemed a very different person from the one I had known for the past six months. He appeared to find the situation wearisome, spoke in a monologue which gave the impression of having often been repeated, and as the afternoon wore on, his mood worsening, he gave full vent to a black pessimism which depressed us all.

A dense silence followed Brancusi's statement that the world had become a horrible place, peopled with shopkeepers, where the streets are full of hatred and even the children are poisoned, and which no longer has any room left for an artist. The silence was broken by the young man, a sculptor it transpired; changing the subject clumsily, he conveyed to Brancusi the best regards of a friend they had in common, an internationally known artist. "Never heard of him," said Brancusi, frowning.

The young woman spoke up at this point and told Brancusi that they had brought along photographs of the young sculptor's work (she was taking them out of a manila envelope as she talked), and that they would both be honored if he would look at them and give his opinion. Brancusi pushed the enve-

lope away gently saying, "My dear lady, if this young man and I were rival shoemakers, would you think of coming to one of us to ask for an honest opinion of the work done by the other?"

Night was beginning to fall and so, shortly thereafter, we stood up to take our leave. As we came toward Brancusi he looked up sharply and moved to meet us. "Stay a little," he said softly; "wait till the others leave." Fifteen minutes later the door closed behind the departing visitors. Brancusi walked immediately to the corner where I had left my coat and the offending Vin d'Alsace, picked up the bottle, brought out a corkscrew and filled three glasses. No one spoke. Then, with a sigh, he said, "All right, I've finished playing the clown now."

THAT summer, at the end of the day's work, we would frequently meet without prearranged plan and talk until one or two in the morning. Sometimes we would sit down to a late meal in Brancusi's kitchen; he would pull out a chicken—broiled in his forging oven—which we would wash down with Asti Spumante; or it might be a roast leg of lamb. Brancusi was a fantastic cook. Everything he made was full of flavor, wholesome and thoroughly uncomplicated. One's appetite in his house could be aroused simply by the vitality of his attitude toward food.

He had built his living quarters around him. His chairs were mushroom-like stools, sculpted from single blocks of wood. The table was an enormous slab of stone; he had even carved a stone loudspeaker. The bed was on a balcony which had no staircase; Brancusi climbed up and down by means of a rope.

Occasionally in the evening he would play the violin and sing Rumanian folksongs as great tears welled up in his eyes. There was nothing sad in these tears; they were natural, simple and overflowing. Sometimes we would listen to records. His collection was eclectic: he would go from New Orleans jazz to Hindu music, from African ritual dances to Chaliapin.

LITTLE by little we learned about Brancusi's past. He told us he had been brought up on a farm by his mother and aunt whom he adored and a father who terrified him. One of his earliest memories was of how he had been lowered into the wine barrels to clean out the bottoms, the only person on the farm small enough to fit in and do the job. His sense of pride at this, he said, kept him from misbehaving until the age of five, when he took advantage of the situation to get drunk, and was soundly slapped.

He spent his childhood carving and whittling when he could and even managed to make some very decent violins. His parents enrolled him at the School of Applied Arts in Bucharest, where he was suddenly seized with wanderlust and the desire to sculpt. One day he set out on foot, without baggage or money, and walked by way of Vienna, Germany and Strasbourg to Paris.

Paris was incredible then, he said—impossible to imagine now, the atmosphere of love and warmly fraternal human relations which prevailed at that period. He took a job as waiter in a restaurant where he did the dishes part of the day; he studied and worked the rest of the time, and slept not at all. He was again enrolled at the School of Applied Arts, in Paris this time; but he had seen the work of Rodin and was beginning to know what he wanted. He changed to Beaux-Arts, where he studied with Mercier, and then some ladies of the Rumanian court became interested in him and began to help him.

Meanwhile the official Salon accepted three heads, influenced by Rodin, which Brancusi had sent in. This was a considerable feat for a young sculptor, especially an unknown and foreign one. He went to the *vernissage*, a man of twenty-five in top hat and tails, where he was presented to Rodin, also officially dressed. With a certain trepidation he asked Rodin for a criticism of his work and was dismissed with an equivocal "*Pas mal*." "But *Maitre*," Brancusi brought out, "anyone would

tell me that. From you I expected something more." Rodin scrutinized him and said, "*Eh bien, ce n'est pas mauvais*, but you went too fast." I must have looked startled, for Brancusi, showing me photographs of the heads, smiled and said, "Well, don't be upset, it was perfectly true! I'd turned out all three in one afternoon."

This brief interchange with Rodin stimulated Brancusi into a good period of work. One day he was invited to Rodin's house for a lunch which had been arranged by the Rumanian ladies, who knew of his passionate admiration for the older sculptor. In the middle of the luncheon the surprise was sprung. Everything had been arranged: the ladies would pay, and Brancusi would study with Rodin. Brancusi said he stopped eating and felt hot and cold all over. He reflected for a moment and then, almost to his own amazement, said, "No, I can't, I won't do it. Under big oaks nothing ever grows." Brancusi paused a moment in his narration and said, "Imagine how terrible it was, flouting everyone like that, my patrons, Rodin, everyone!" Rodin left the table and went to an adjoining room where one of the ladies sought him out, begging him to forgive the young Brancusi who certainly didn't know what he was saying. "No," said Rodin, "after all, he's quite right."

A bit later, the first major change occurred in his work. It came over him that he had had enough of the preoccupation with flesh and muscles, enough of "beefsteak," to quote him exactly, and that his work must take another form. He received a commission for a statue of a woman which he almost completed in his earlier style, and then suddenly destroyed, irritated with his own lack of audacity. He redid it entirely, and it was evident from the photo he showed me that, with its elongated limbs, the statue marked a strong step in an entirely new direction: this was the beginning of a road which led, many years later, through profound evolutions, to Brancusi's work as we know it.

IN THE early 1920's, upon invitation, Brancusi submitted *Mademoiselle Pogany* to the Salon des Indépendants. He told me that Signac, president of the Salon, condemned the statue as phallic and indecent, and insisted that it be removed. This decree caused a commotion among the artists, who determined to make a fuss. Brancusi was urged by many to go down to the Préfecture de Police and protest. As he and Léger, setting off on foot to do so, descended the monumental stairs of the Grand Palais, feeling ran so high that they received three cheers from the artists massed below. But now Brancusi and Léger came out into the open air and made for the *quais*. It was a magnificent day and, more or less exalted, they began to sing. After five blocks they felt almost peaceable; after ten they realized that life was too good, the day too wonderful, and their frame of mind too non-belligerent to waste time at the Préfecture. So they turned off and went home to Montparnasse.

He always had a good deal of difficulty with dealers, who wouldn't buy his work, with critics, who didn't understand it, and with salon jurors, who rejected it. At the end of his life, when I knew him, he hated all three clans and wouldn't allow them in his studio. (There were some notable individual exceptions, however.) He said to me one day, when I showed him an article about his work by a young *avant-garde* critic, "God, what is there on earth more idiotic than a critic, unless it be a young critic?"

Once he told a story brought to his mind by some rather high-flown statements on art by a well-known painter. "I used to know an explorer," he said, "who often went to the East in the course of his work. His mother, a very pious person, had asked him several times to bring her back a relic, and although he always meant to do so he invariably returned without it. Finally, on the eve of a new departure, he said to her, 'Don't worry, this time you'll have your relic, I won't forget.' Nonetheless, at the end of the trip, he was much disturbed to find himself starting home once again empty-handed.

He happened to look down at the side of the road where, by some lucky chance, there lay a dog's skeleton. He picked up a thigh bone and put it in his knapsack. Upon his arrival home, he took out the relic and gave it to his mother. Joyously she put it on the mantelpiece. And so it is that peace and happiness reigned in the protected household ever after."

It was with rather a puzzled air that he told of his relations with James Joyce, who had come to the studio to have a black-and-white portrait done for a special edition of *Work in Progress*. Since Brancusi didn't read English, he had known of Joyce until then only by reputation. "Joyce told me he'd asked his editor for an *avant-garde* artist and that the man had suggested me as one of the best. He came regularly with his wife to sit for me. I was happy about it and worked hard on the sketch until I thought it was right, at which point I showed it to Joyce. He was astounded. 'But I thought you were a modern artist,' he exclaimed. 'But it is modern,' I said. 'But it looks like me.' 'I had hoped so.' 'But I thought you would do an abstract portrait.' 'But I'm not an abstract artist!' I realized at this point that he wanted something totally different from what I had had in mind, and so I made a few geometric scrawls on a paper, called it *Portrait of James Joyce*, and off he went, content."

ONCE or twice in our conversations Brancusi alluded to problems of getting down to work. He said, "An artist generally has the attitude that he must stop everything and get to work, that work itself is something special, sacred, apart from life. On the contrary, a man should work as he breathes, as he sweeps the floor, easily and naturally, without thinking too much about it. In fact, I can think of no better way of getting to work than drifting into it after sweeping the floor and cleaning up. An artist should always do his own chores."

Brancusi considered the intelligence an impediment to creativity. He often said that finding a means to make it recede into the background was the most important step in getting to work. "*Je fais pipi sur l'intelligence*," he said angrily. He told how one day he had arrived at a sort of trance while in the middle of work. "*J'ai senti que j'ai touché là au néant*." He found his thumb split open, the floor bespattered with blood, and he had no idea of how or when he had hurt himself. The statue he was working at had evolved, he discovered, to an entirely new and particularly successful stage; he could not have said how. He told me he believed he had been working two or three hours in the complete absence of the faculties of intelligence and consciousness.

He had a deep hatred for those who were bitten by the desire for fame. According to Brancusi the world was divided into two tribes. One he likened to the dwellers of a pyramid-city, up the sides of which people kicked, bit and struggled their way to the top, where at best there was room only for three or four. While those on top fought to maintain themselves, those below grabbed at their feet in a desperate effort to displace them. Here all was anguish and unhappiness. The other tribe was made up of anonymous people in the fields—working in solitude, unconcerned with fame—who lived ahistoric lives and were happy. One's salvation is decided within oneself, he insisted. Those who permit themselves to be drawn into competition are thereby allowing a degeneration of their creative forces.

Uppermost in Brancusi's nature, it seems to me, was a love of the natural, the humble, the useful. "Michelangelo," he said, "is too strong. His *moi* overshadows everything. Who could imagine having a Michelangelo in his bedroom, having to get undressed in front of it?" He was determined to keep "*cabotinage*," or "hamming," out of his own life, and it was for this reason that he eluded the camera. But prophetically he used to say, "Just wait till I'm dead. You'll see. The vultures will all be there." Not twelve hours after his death a reporter somehow gained access to his studio, and a few days later a sensational article appeared in *Paris-Match* with an enormous photograph of Brancusi on his deathbed.

SCULPTURE IN OUR TIME

*Revealing the characteristics of modernist style at their clearest,
the new sculpture makes itself felt as the most representative visual art of today.*

BY CLEMENT GREENBERG

ART looks for its resources of conviction in the same general direction as thought. Once it was revealed religion, then it was hypostatizing reason. The nineteenth century shifted its quest to the empirical and positive. This notion has undergone much revision over the last hundred years, and generally toward a stricter conception of the positive. Esthetic sensibility has shifted accordingly. The growing specialization of the arts is due chiefly not to the prevalence of the division of labor, but to our increasing faith in and taste for the immediate, the concrete, the irreducible. To meet this taste (and demonstrate their irreplaceability), the various modernist arts try to confine themselves to that which is most positive and immediate in themselves, which consists in the unique attributes of their mediums. It follows that a modernist work of art must try, in principle, to avoid communication with any order of experience not inherent in the most literally and essentially construed nature of its medium. Among other things, this means renouncing illusion and explicit subject matter. The arts are to achieve concreteness, "purity," by dealing solely with their respective selves—that is, by becoming "abstract" or nonfigurative. Of course, "purity" is an unattainable ideal. Outside music, no attempt at a "pure" work of art has ever succeeded in being more than an approximation and a compromise (least of all in literature). But this does not diminish the crucial importance of "purity" or concrete "abstractness" as an orientation and aim.

Modernist painting meets our desire for the literal and positive by renouncing the illusion of the third dimension. This is the decisive step, for the representational as such is renounced only in so far as it suggests the third dimension. Dubuffet has shown us that when the representational does not do that, taste continues to find it admissible; that is, to the extent that it does not detract from literal, sensational concreteness. Mondrian, on the other hand, has shown us that the pictorial can remain pictorial when every trace or suggestion of the representational has been eliminated. In other words, neither the representational nor the third-dimensional is essential to pictorial art, and their absence does not commit the painter to the "merely" decorative.

Abstract and near-abstract painting has proven fertile in major works, especially in this country. But it can be asked whether the modernist "reduction" does not threaten to narrow painting's field of possibilities. It is not necessary here to examine the developments inside abstract painting that might lead one to conclude this. I wish to suggest, however, that sculpture—that long-eclipsed art—stands to gain by the modernist "reduction" as painting does not. It is already evident that the fate of visual art in general is not equated as implicitly as it used to be with that of painting.

AFTER several centuries of desuetude sculpture has returned to the foreground. Having been invigorated by the modernist revival of tradition that began with Rodin, it is now undergoing a transformation, at the hands of painting itself, that seems to promise it new and much larger possibilities of expression. Until lately sculpture was handicapped by its identification with monolithic carving and modeling in the service of the representation of animate forms. Painting monopolized visual expression because it could deal with all imaginable visual entities and relations. And painting could also exploit

the post-medieval taste for the greatest possible tension between that which was imitated and the medium that did the imitating. That the medium of sculpture was the one apparently least removed from the modality of existence of its subject matter counted against it. Sculpture seemed too literal, too immediate.

Rodin was the first sculptor since Bernini to try seriously to arrogate to his art some of the essential, rather than merely illustrative, qualities of painting. He sought surface- and even shape-dissolving effects of light in emulation of Impressionism. His art, for all that it contains of the problematical, was fulfilled both in itself and in the revival of monolithic sculpture that it initiated. That revival shines with names like Bourdelle, Maillol, Lehmbruck, Despiau, Kolbe, Marcks, Lachaise, Matisse, Degas, Renoir, Modigliani. But, as it now looks, it was the final flare-up of something on the way to extinction. To all intents and purposes, the Renaissance tradition of sculpture was given its quietus by Brancusi. No sculptor born since the beginning of this century (except perhaps the Austrian Wotruba) appears to have been able to produce truly major art in its terms.

Under the influence of Fauve painting and exotic carving (to which painters called his attention), Brancusi drove monolithic sculpture to an ultimate conclusion by reducing the image of the human form to geometrically simplified ovoid, tubular or cubic masses. He not only exhausted the monolith

Auguste Rodin, BALZAC (1892-97).



by exaggerating it but, by one of those turns in which extremes meet, rendered it pictorial, graphic. Arp and others, later on, carried the Brancusian monolith over into abstract and near-abstract sculpture, but he himself went on toward something even more radical. Once again taking his lead from painters, he began in his wood carvings to open up the monolith under the influence of Cubism. He then produced what are in my opinion his greatest works, and he had, as it were, a Pisgah view of a new kind of sculpture (at least for Europe) that lay altogether outside the orbit of monolithic tradition; but Brancusi did not actually pass over into this new kind of sculpture. That was left to painting and painters, and the way to it was opened by the Cubist collage.

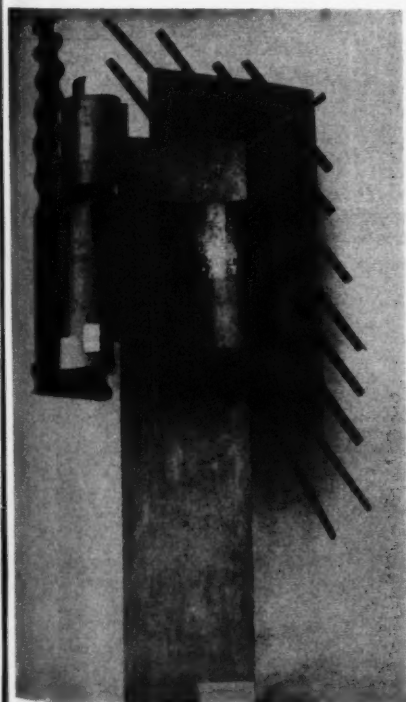
The pieces of paper or other material that Picasso and Braque glued to the surface of the collage acted to identify the surface literally and to thrust, by contrast, everything else on it back into illusionist depth. As the language of Cubism became one of larger and more tightly joined flat shapes, it grew increasingly difficult to unlock the flatness of the surface by purely pictorial means. Picasso (before resorting to color contrasts and to more obviously representational shapes) solved—or rather destroyed—the problem by raising the collage's affixed material above the picture surface, thus going over into bas-relief. And soon after that he subtracted the picture surface entirely, to let what had been affixed stand free as a "construction." It is at this point that the new sculpture really began. Its further progress can be traced through the works of the Constructivists, Picasso's subsequent sculpture, and the sculpture of Lipchitz, Gonzalez and the earlier Giacometti.

THE new construction-sculpture points back, almost insistently, to its origins in Cubist painting: by its linearism and linear intricacies, by its openness and transparency and weightlessness, and by its preoccupation with surface as skin alone, which it expresses in blade- or sheet-like forms. Space is there to be shaped, divided, enclosed, but not to be filled or sealed in. The new sculpture tends to abandon stone, bronze and clay for industrial materials like iron, steel, alloys, glass, plas-

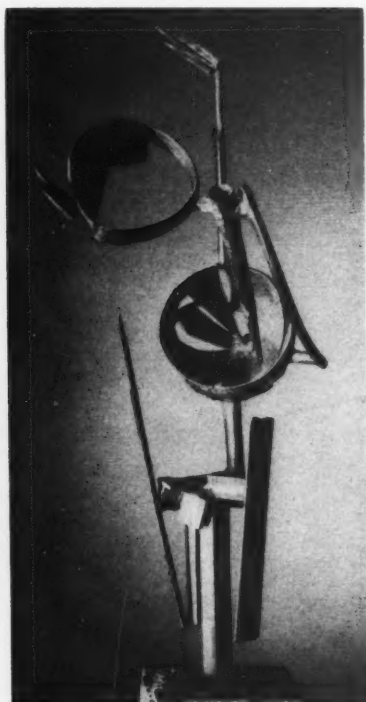
tics, celluloid, etc., etc., which are worked with the blacksmith's, the welder's and even the carpenter's tools. Unity of material and color is no longer required, and applied color is sanctioned. The distinction between carving and modeling becomes irrelevant: a work or its parts can be cast, wrought, cut or simply put together: the new sculpture is not so much sculpted as constructed, built, assembled, arranged. From all this the medium has acquired a new flexibility, and it is in this that I see its chance now of attaining an even wider range of expression than painting.

Under the modernist "reduction" sculpture has turned out to be almost as exclusively visual in its essence as painting itself. It has been "liberated" from the monolithic as much because of the latter's excessive tactile associations, which partake of illusion, as because of the hampering conventions that cling to it. But sculpture is still permitted a greater latitude of figurative allusiveness than painting because it remains tied, inexorably, to the third dimension and is therefore inherently less illusionistic. The literalness that was once its handicap has now become its advantage. Any recognizable image is bound to be tainted with illusion, and modernist sculpture, too, has been impelled a long way toward abstractness; yet sculpture can continue to suggest recognizable images, at least schematically, if only it refrain from imitating organic substance (the illusion of organic substance or texture in sculpture being analogous to the illusion of the third dimension in pictorial art). And even should sculpture be compelled to become as abstract as painting, it would still have a larger realm of formal possibilities in its command. The human body is no longer postulated as the agent of space in either pictorial or sculptural art; now it is eyesight alone, and eyesight has more freedom of movement and invention within three dimensions than within two. It is significant, moreover, that modernist sensibility, though it rejects sculptural painting of any kind, allows sculpture to be as pictorial as it pleases. Here the prohibition against one art's entering the domain of another is suspended, thanks to the unique concreteness and literalness of sculpture's medium. Sculpture can confine itself to virtually

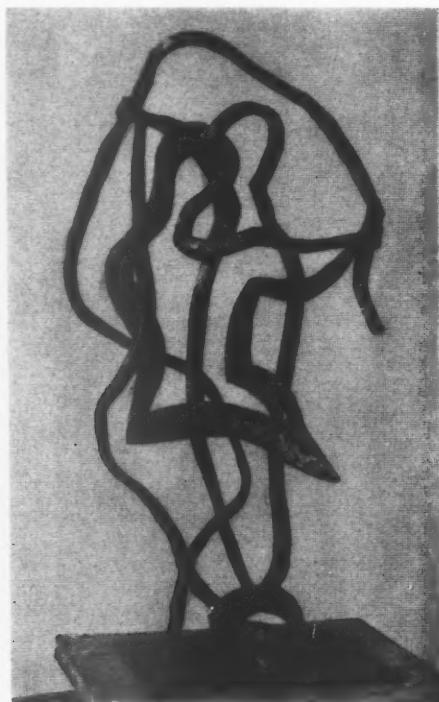
Vladimir Tatlin, CONSTRUCTION (1917).



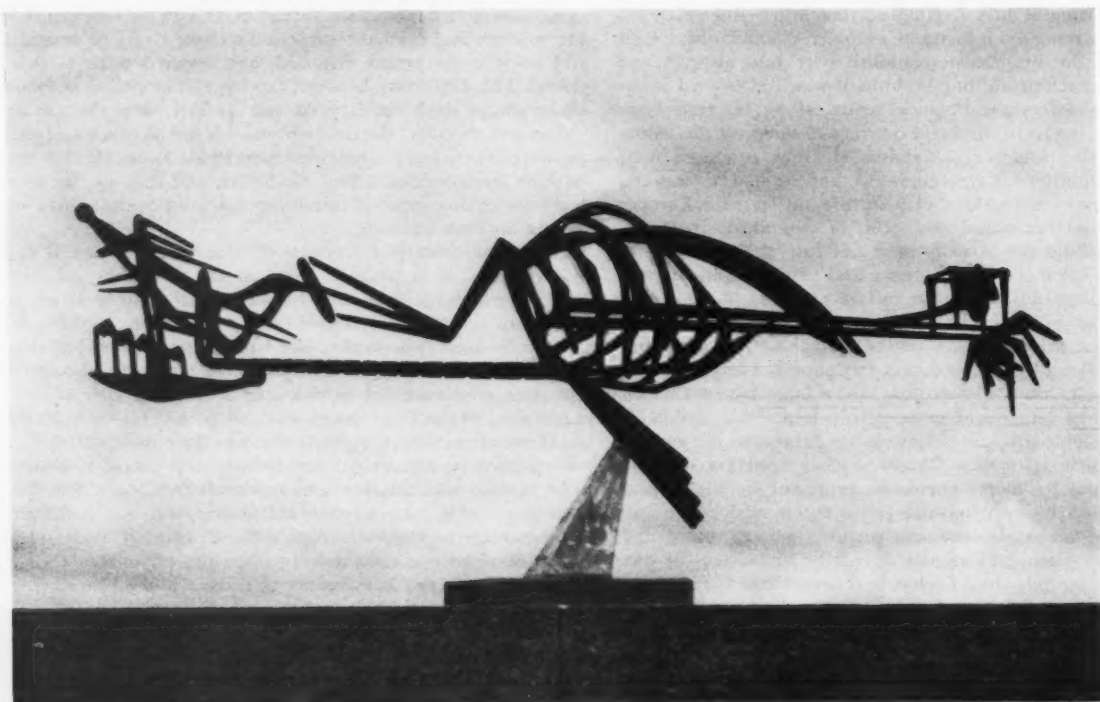
Julio Gonzalez, THE DREAM (1931); collection Mme Roberta Gonzalez.



Jacques Lipchitz, ACROBAT ON BALL (1926); private collection, France.

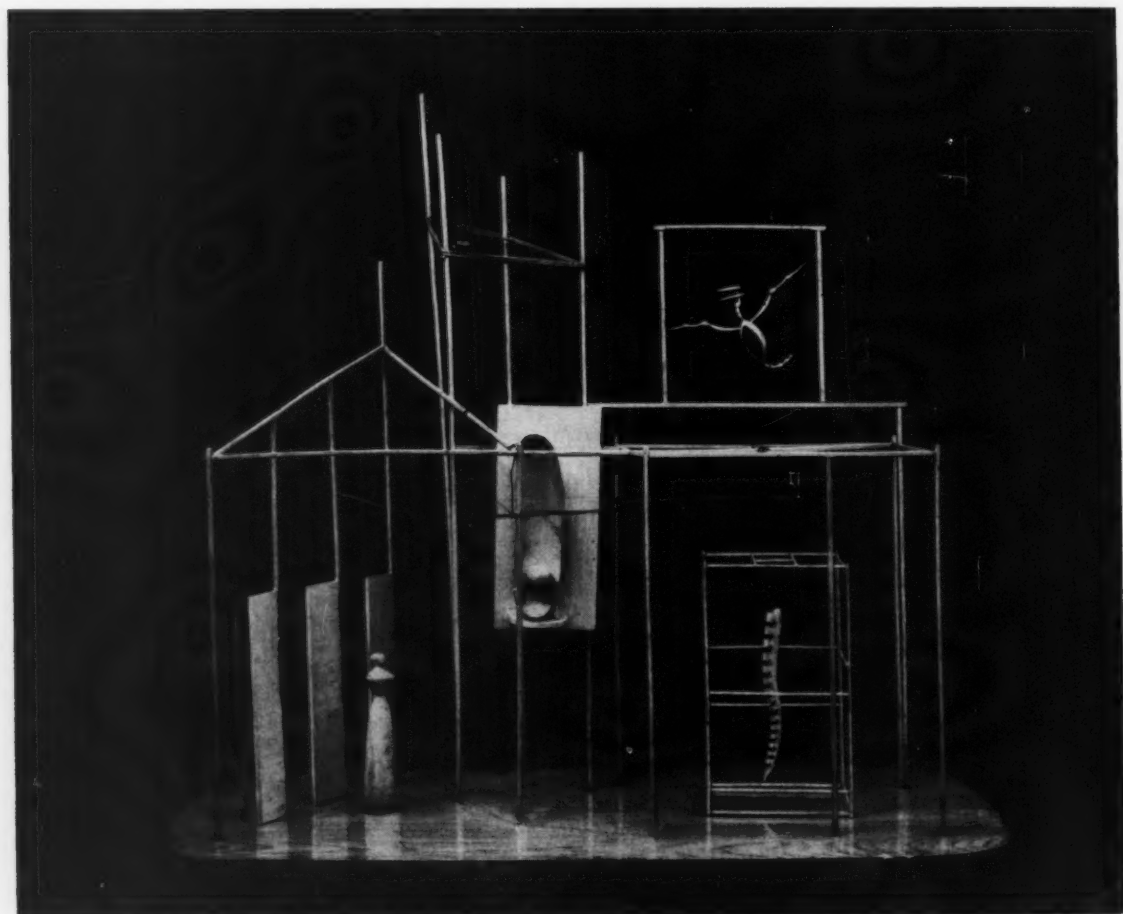


SCULPTURE IN OUR TIME



David Smith, THE ROYAL BIRD (1948); collection Walker Art Center.

Alberto Giacometti, THE PALACE AT 4 A.M. (1922-23); collection Museum of Modern Art.



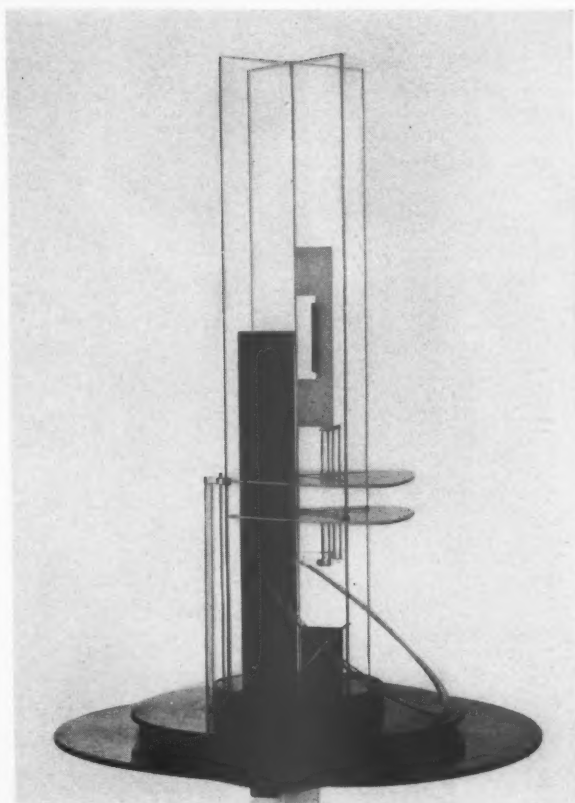
two dimensions (as some of David Smith's pieces do) without being felt to violate the limitations of its medium, because the eye recognizes that what offers itself in two dimensions is actually (not palpably) fashioned in three.

Such then are what I consider to be the present assets of sculpture. For the most part, however, they still abide in a state of potentiality rather than of realization. Art delights in contradicting predictions made about it, and the hopes I placed in the new sculpture ten years ago, in the original version of this article, have not yet been borne out—indeed they seem to have been refuted. Painting continues as the leading and most adventurous as well as most expressive of the visual arts; in point of recent achievement architecture alone seems comparable with it. Yet one fact still suggests that I may not have been altogether wrong: that the new construction-sculpture begins to make itself felt as most *representative*, even if not the most fertile, visual art of our time.

PAINING, sculpture, architecture, decoration and the crafts have under modernism converged once again in a common style. Painting may have been the first to sound the knell of historical revivalism, in Impressionism; it may have also been the first, in Matisse and Cubism, to give positive definition to modernist style. But the new sculpture has revealed the unifying characteristics of that style more vividly and completely. Having the freedom of a fine art yet being, like architecture, immersed in its physical means, sculpture has had to make the fewest compromises.

The desire for "purity" works, as I have indicated, to put an ever higher premium on sheer visibility and an ever lower one on the tactile and its associations, which include that of weight as well as of impermeability. One of the most fundamental and unifying emphases of the new common style is on the continuity and neutrality of a space which light alone inflects, without regard to the laws of gravity. There is an attempt to overcome the distinctions between foreground and background; between formed space and space at large; between inside and outside; between up and down (many modernist buildings, like many modernist paintings, would look almost as well upside down or even stood on their sides). A related emphasis is on economy of physical substance. This manifests itself in the pictorial tendency to reduce all matter to two dimensions—to lines and surfaces that define or enclose space but hardly occupy it. Rendering substance entirely optical, and form, whether pictorial, sculptural or architectural, as an integral part of ambient space—this brings anti-illusionism full circle. Instead of the illusion of things, we are now offered the illusion of modalities: namely, that matter is incorporeal, weightless, and exists only optically like a mirage. This kind of illusionism is stated in pictures whose paint surfaces and enclosing rectangles vibrate into the space around them; and in buildings that, apparently formed of lines alone, seem woven into the air; but better yet in Constructivist and quasi-Constructivist works of sculpture. A building and a picture, too, coinciding with its support, each require a greater amount of palpable stuff than does a piece of sculpture to convey a quantitatively equivalent spatial effect. Feats of "engineering" that aim to provide the greatest possible amount of visibility with the least possible expenditure of tactile surface belong categorically to the free and *total* medium of sculpture. The constructor-sculptor can, literally, draw in the air with a single strand of wire.

It is its physical independence, above all, that contributes to the new sculpture's status as the representative visual art of modernism. A work of sculpture, unlike a building, does not have to carry more than its own weight, nor does it have to be *on* something else, like a picture; it exists for and by itself literally as well as conceptually. And in this self-sufficiency of sculpture, wherein every conceivable as well as perceptible element belongs altogether to the work of art, the positivist aspect of the modernist "esthetic" finds itself most fully realized. It is for a like self-sufficiency that both painting and architecture seem to strive.



Naum Gabo, COLUMN (1923); collection Guggenheim Museum.



Fritz Wotruba, HEAD (1952-53); Galerie Würthle, Vienna.



THE SCULPTURE OF LOUISE NEVELSON

*In the modern tradition of the wood construction,
an art characterized by precision and extravagance . . .*

BY HILTON KRAMER

LIKE a great deal of modern sculpture, the recent work of Louise Nevelson is neither carved nor modeled—it is *constructed*. It is made of wood which is cut, nailed, glued, joined and otherwise *put together*. Its tradition is thus no longer the monolithic figurative mode in which the artist worked some years ago; it is instead the more radical heritage of the Cubist wood-construction which Picasso, Lipchitz, Laurens and others created during the First World War and after, the heritage of construction-sculpture which derives directly from the concept and the method of collage. Mrs. Nevelson's new work is far removed from the world of orthodox Cubism, of course, yet its sculptural ambience goes back nonetheless to the conceptual world which spawned the collage and, out of collage, both construction and "open" sculpture. It has affinities also with the history of Dadaist construction, which followed on the Cubist period, often investing the austere syntax of Cubist collage with wit, poetry and erotic fantasy. At the same time, her work profits from the new open-space sculpture which has flourished for the last quarter-century and which has come to a stunning fruition during the last decade in New York. Its emphasis on the silhouette, on drawing in space, and on the radical use of materials, has given strength to her vision.

If one dwells for a moment on this background of historical and stylistic affinities, it is with the intention of removing the subject of Mrs. Nevelson's sculpture from the realm of the eccentric to which both critics and public have often consigned it. Her new work is obviously the expression of a unique plastic sensibility, but it is scarcely a novelty. Still less does it have anything to do with the poetry of the macabre which is often attributed to it—solely, it seems, on the basis of its black surfaces. (You may take it as a law of art criticism that wherever an artist confines himself to black and white, a critic will feel called upon to add the "color" himself.) Her work has a very personal accent, yet it also derives much from its moment of history. Far from being an eccentric or an off-beat expression, it takes its place in the context of contemporary sculpture with great ease and distinction.

The first difficulty and the first enchantment—sometimes they come to the same thing—which many people experience with this sculpture come straightaway in the remarkable and unforgettable exhibitions which Mrs. Nevelson has staged at the Grand Central Moderns over the last few years. They are quite unlike any other exhibitions of the moment, not only in appearance but also in intention, and it is no doubt the nature of these exhibitions, rather than the works themselves, which has given rise in certain quarters to the notion that Mrs. Nevelson is an interesting but essentially freakish talent. The least conscious objective of these exhibitions is to show off discrete sculptural objects to their best (i.e., most salable) advantage. This is not, I hasten to add, an objective to be despised in an art exhibition, but it seems not to be among Mrs. Nevelson's primary reasons for exhibiting.

What does seem to occupy her most—and I speak here specifically of her exhibitions; what occupies her in the studio is

another matter, and I shall discuss that presently—is the impulse to project on a macrocosmic scale the artistic vision which is embodied in each given work. Often in these exhibitions the integrity of the individual work is totally sacrificed to the interest in constructing this macrocosmic vision in the gallery itself. Each exhibition is assigned a title as if it were a singular conception. The individual sculpture becomes a unit in the larger design; and the entire ensemble is made to assume an expressive power perhaps greater than—but always directly related to—the essential sculptural idea which animates each work. Year by year, the visual character of the exhibitions has followed closely on the fundamental changes in Mrs. Nevelson's style. What remains constant in them is what remains constant in the work. Thus, the special lighting of the exhibitions (they are seen literally in shadow) is a counterpart to the black paint which is applied to the surface of every work which comes from her hand, functioning to unify its variety of elements. And whereas the exhibitions of a year or two ago tended to use the floor space of the gallery as a pedestal, upon which sculptures were grouped very much as forms were grouped upon the flat platforms of individual works, this year her exhibition took on the character of a sculptural enclosure, following the recent development in her work of an enclosed, boxed-in space which seems to be the ubiquitous preoccupation of her current production. In the earlier exhibitions, even the sculptures designed to hang on the wall, very much like paintings or reliefs, tended to be flat, making few demands on the space which surrounded them. In her most recent exhibition, in January, nearly every conceivable demand was made on the gallery space. It was entirely transformed into a continuous sculptural enclosure, dominated by an enormous wall-sculpture, which in itself represented a brilliant realization of everything toward which Mrs. Nevelson has been aspiring in her recent efforts: neither a relief nor a construction to hang on the wall, but an *actual wall*, in the literal, architectural sense, which was at the same time a work of sculpture.

THE exhibitions, then, with all their visual drama and romance, are emblematic of the sculptural mind at work in the individual objects. It is a sculptural mind both exact and extravagant in its mode of expression, aspiring toward—and achieving—an art of precision which is yet a form of Expressionism. I doubt if Mrs. Nevelson's achievement can be understood without an appreciation of these antiphonal qualities, for its overriding impulse is to release a sculptural energy which is audacious and spendthrift in its over-all force but very exactly stated in its details. Both the force and the exactitude are essential elements in the sculptural dialectic. The one establishes the artist's affinities with the Expressionism of our time, with the aspiration for an esthetic emotion which is unbridled and deeply felt; the other reveals a sense of design which is nearly Mondrianesque in precision and discipline.

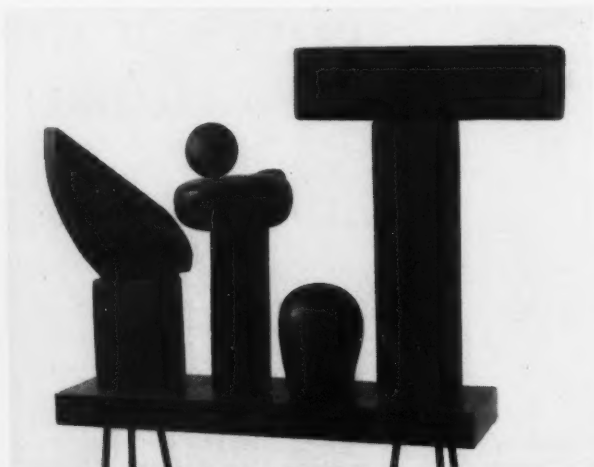
Mrs. Nevelson works exclusively in wood, all of it painted a uniform black. This use of black has definite plastic functions, and I think they are best understood in terms of the rapid development of her style in the last few years. In its most general

Detail view of Sky Cathedral No. 2 (1958).

THE SCULPTURE OF LOUISE NEVELSON

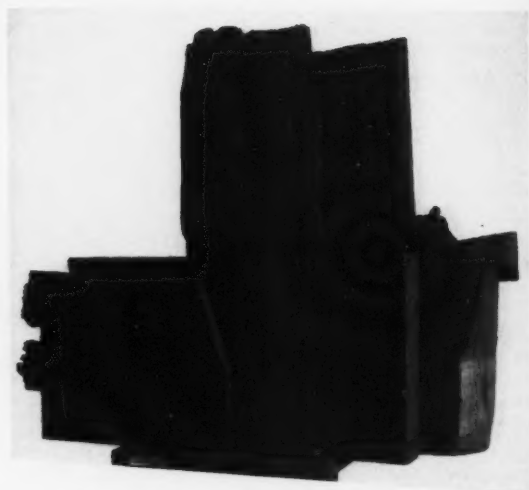


Sky View (1957).



Black Majesty (1955);
collection Whitney Museum.

Sky City (1956).



terms—in terms of its key forms, as it were—this development has moved from a concentration on the *pedestal* to a preoccupation with the *cabinet*, or box, which encompasses (sometimes literally) the pedestal-sculpture which precedes it. In the earlier phase, smooth-surfaced forms were placed on a long, horizontal pedestal in arrangements resembling a still life. Each form had an independent plastic weight of its own, and was intended to be “read” as a discrete shape as well as in its relation to the work as a whole. (*Black Majesty*, 1955, in the collection of the Whitney Museum, is a good example of the austerity of design to which Mrs. Nevelson was then confining herself.) Gradually, however, the pedestal became the base for a more clustered, architectural construction. Although surfaces still tended to be smooth and clean-edged, the forms were bulkier and massed together, virtually impossible to read as separate entities but functioning very effectively as elements in a larger image. Concurrent with these pedestal works were a great many of the wall-hangings composed of the same motifs and often looking like the pressed façades of the bulkier, free-standing pieces.

The pedestal works stand free and open to the light. As work succeeded work, the forms clustered together on flat platforms tended to grow rougher and more ragged—often recapitulating, in a curious way, the recent history of abstract forms in painting from tight, clean-edged shapes to the more irregular-edged slash of the palette knife—while at the same time the attention to sculptural detail was sustained. As in much of modern steel sculpture, this sculptural detail is often achieved by drawing in

space, but with this difference: whereas a metal sculptor like David Smith may be said to draw in space by means of a metal “line,” Mrs. Nevelson draws in light against the dark forms of her constructions. She adjusts the edges, corners, cracks, planes, holes, etc., to admit light into her constructions very much the way a draftsman will lay on a wash with a brush or articulate a shape with his pen.

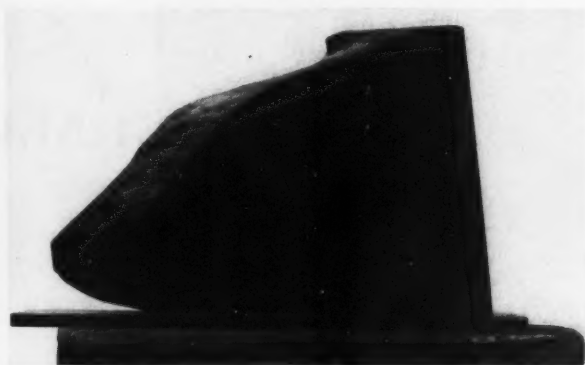
It is in this conception of drawing in light and dark by means of sculptural construction that I think Mrs. Nevelson's use of black paint is best understood, and not in the wilder notions of spookiness which one often hears discussed in this connection. The creation of mood is possibly a secondary function of this black pigment, but its primary function is plastic: the black outline cuts a silhouette into the space around it, separating the sculpture from the real space it inhabits and at the same time transforming its own created space into an expressive material capable of yielding a subtle image by means of light-and-dark contrasts. (This preoccupation with the silhouette has also prompted several works quite different in their imagery from the bulky, quasi-architectural pedestal-sculptures. I refer to the “Leaf” series, in which one or two silhouetted forms are posed on a base without any recourse to internal configurations of light and space.) Thus, the use of black here has a distinctly graphic meaning; and just as David Smith's brilliant linearism places him among the foremost draftsmen of the age, so Mrs. Nevelson's genius for black-and-white earns her a place of distinction among the notable graphic artists of the period.

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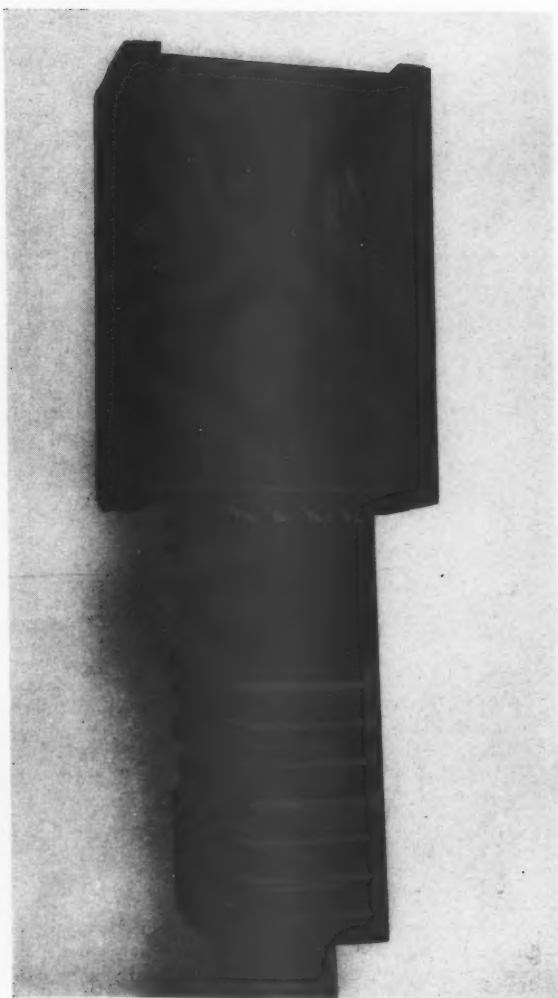


Pink Leaf (1956); Haskell collection.

Pink Leaf (1956); collection Carnegie Institute.



Skyscape (1958).

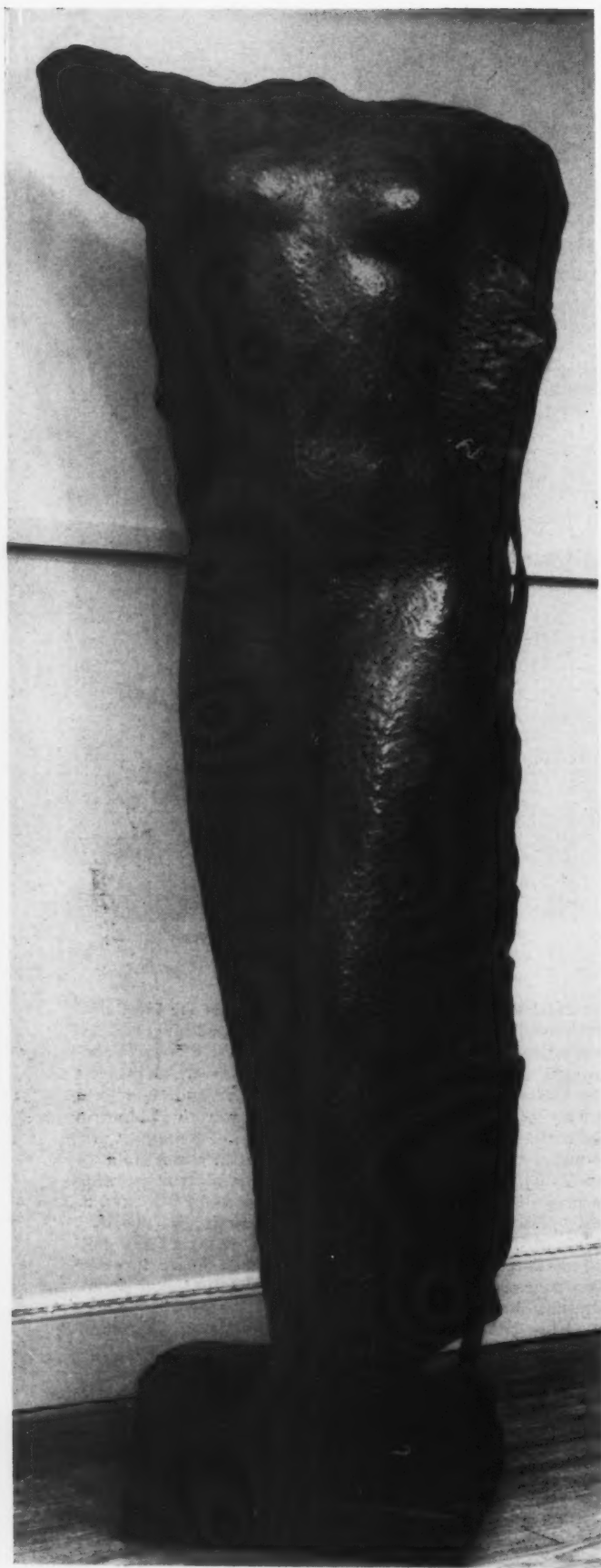


IN HER most recent work—in what I have called the period of the cabinet-sculpture—Mrs. Nevelson takes her sculptural ideas into a realm of graphic architecture. They are architectural in a metaphorical sense and also literally: the smaller works tend to have an architectural rationale even as they remain on the scale of sculpture; the larger works become a form of Expressionist architecture composed of sculptural motifs.

In works such as *Sky View* (1957) and *Skyscape* (1958), the cabinet forms rest on a tall columnar base; and within the cabinet itself one discovers what is, in effect, an anthology of Nevelson motifs. The enclosure—often, literally a box—brings together the wall motifs and the pedestal motifs into a single image, upon which the enclosure itself confers a new and dramatic cohesion. The use of black here still provides a silhouette for the work as a whole—and although their profiles are much simplified from the pedestal constructions, they have an amazing authority and dignity all the same—and within the cabinet the use of black yields a series of interior silhouettes, an unfolding drama of black-on-black images which are virtuosic in variety and audacity. The enclosure ensures a very exact flow of light into the interior space; within the cabinet, the use of light is both more frugal and more precise; it is itself almost “constructed” into the piece.

In the current phase of Mrs. Nevelson's production, there is little doubt that the *pièces de résistance* are the two enormous sculptural walls, the *Sky Cathedrals*, the first of which was shown at Grand Central Moderns in January, the second of which has just been completed in her studio this spring. If the *Skyscape*

can be described as a Nevelson anthology, then the *Sky Cathedrals* are her Collected Works, for nearly everything that has ever occupied her mind as an artist is invested in them. (No photograph can even approximate their appearance or suggest the feelings they induce.) They are appalling and marvelous; utterly shocking in the way they violate our received ideas on the limits of sculpture and on the confusion of genres, yet profoundly exhilarating in the way they open an entire realm of possibility. They follow the lead of current abstract painting in projecting an image so large that the spectator is invited to feel “placed” (or trapped perhaps?) within it. For myself, I think Mrs. Nevelson succeeds where the painters often fail. Where they have progressively emptied their image in order to enlarge it, she insists on proliferating more and more detail, arresting the eye with a brilliant or subtle “passage” wherever its glance falls. Where her contemporaries err on the side of frugality and emptiness, she has moved swiftly into a kind of gluttony of images. The results are sometimes ungainly but still overwhelming in force, and what redeems the ungainliness is the exactitude which sustains her hand even at the outer reaches of extravagance. The *Sky Cathedrals* seem to promise something entirely new in the realm of architectural sculpture by turning the tables (or the walls perhaps?) on the architects and postulating a sculptural architecture. Whether the austerity and sterility of contemporary architectural practice can take up this challenge remains to be seen. In the realm of sculpture, anyway, the achievement is already there.



SAUL BAIZERMAN IN BOSTON

CURRENTLY featured at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston (through June 29) is a display of fifty-five works by Saul Baizerman. The exhibition has been organized by Institute Director Thomas M. Messer as a tribute to the pioneer sculptor who, with his hammered-metal technique, established a special province of his own in American art. After its Boston showing, the exhibition will be presented at the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in Utica, New York, the Gallery of Fine Arts in Columbus, Ohio, and the World House Galleries in New York City.

Born in Vitebsk, Russia, in 1889, Baizerman came to this country in 1910, and began to study at the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design. It was not until 1921 that he discovered the congenial possibilities of working in hammered metal. Shortly thereafter he began his extensive "The City and the People" series. From 1934 to 1941 he taught sculpture, drawing and anatomy at the Baizerman Art School. The prolific output of his final decades brought him numerous awards and widespread recognition. He died in 1957.

In the Boston exhibition the pieces range from diminutive bronzes to the vast works, cold-hammered from sheets of copper, that are most often associated with Baizerman's name: graceful figures such as *Aurora* (at left), and the friezes *Primavera* and *Exuberance*, some eight feet in length. His monumental production embodies, in Mr. Messer's words, "a new concept which in one master stroke combines the hitherto separate categories of relief and sculpture in the round, while at the same time abolishing the time-honored commonplace that sculpture is either the result of addition or subtraction. . . . an inventive moment of considerable consequence."

DAVID SMITH AT VENICE

THE American sculptor David Smith, whose work was shown at the Museum of Modern Art in New York last fall (see "Month in Review," October, 1957), will be among the four Americans shown at the Twenty-ninth Venice Biennale, June 14-October 19. (The others are painters Mark Tobey and Mark Rothko and sculptor Seymour Lipton.) The selection of Smith's work has been made by Sam Hunter, who also directed the Museum's exhibition. Included is *Fifteen Planes* (below), in stainless steel. The work was completed this winter and will be shown in Venice for the first time.



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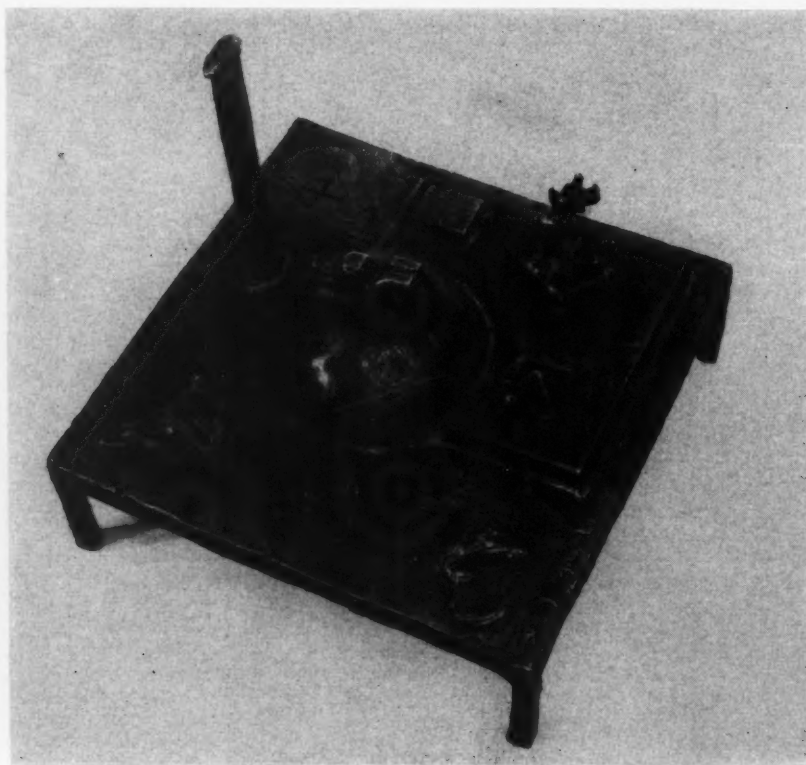
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Day Schnabel,
PLANTS, 1957 (bronze cast and welded);
courtesy the artist.



Paul Harris,
TORSO, 1956 (papier-mâché);
courtesy the artist.



George Spaventa,
SCULPTOR'S TABLE,
1957 (bronze);
courtesy Poindexter
Gallery.

SCULPTURE IN NEW YORK

WRITING recently in the *Carnegie Magazine*, Mr. Gordon Bailey Washburn commented that "sculpture is unquestionably the equal of painting in our time." It was not a radical announcement, yet it must have had the ring of a novel idea in many ears still attuned to hearing the words "art" and "painting" as synonymous—and thus persuaded that the development of sculpture is somehow marginal to the main current. Commenting further—apropos of his current world-wide travels to collect works for the Pittsburgh International next winter—Mr. Washburn went on to say: "It will be interesting to see whether we may not conclude (as many have) that sculpture in the world today is the stronger art."

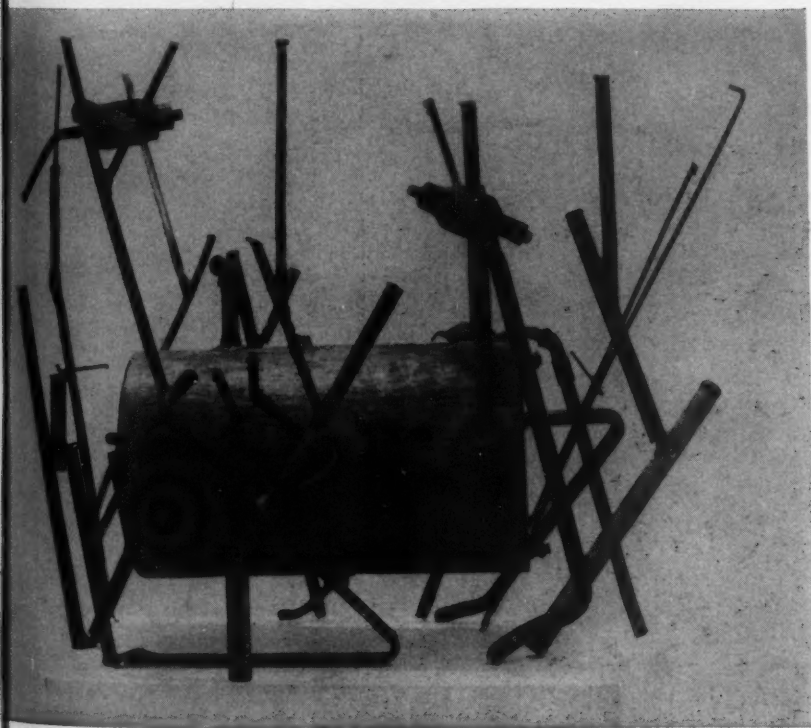
In New York nowadays we have good reason to feel the strength of achievement in sculpture. A great deal of sculpture is shown in the galleries and museums, and its

special qualities of vision come more and more to occupy the attention of the art public at large. Whether it is the "stronger art" need not be determined here and now, but there can no longer be any doubt that it is at present very strong indeed. Moreover, its strength is one which finds expression in a great variety of method, of materials and of imagery, often transcending (and even mocking) notions of the figurative and the nonfigurative with an ease which painters might well envy.

A sampling of this variety of vision and means appears on these pages. It is drawn from recent works on the New York scene. While the fecundity and productiveness of our sculptors make it impossible to present a brief survey as definitive of the sculptural scene at large, this aperçu nonetheless encompasses the major prevailing modes.

—THE EDITORS

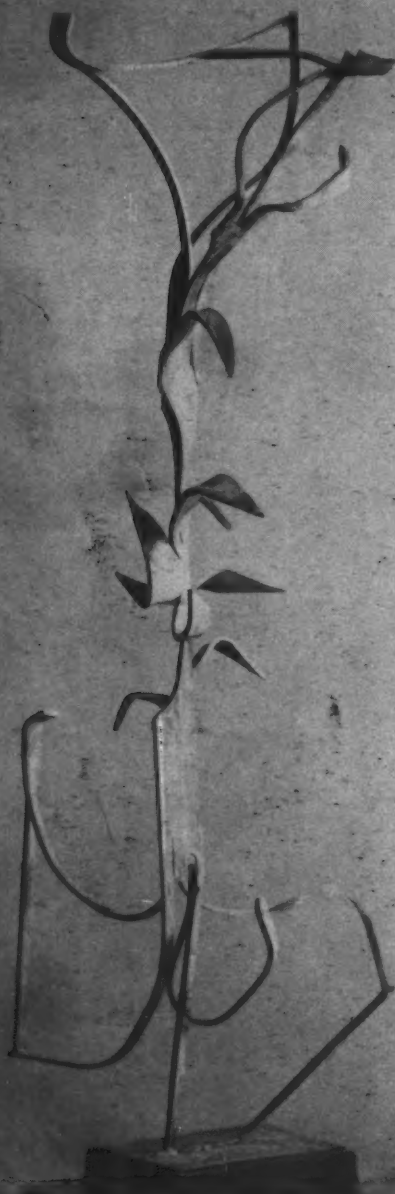
Richard Stankiewicz,
BIRD LOVER IN THE GRASS, 1957 (steel);
courtesy the artist.



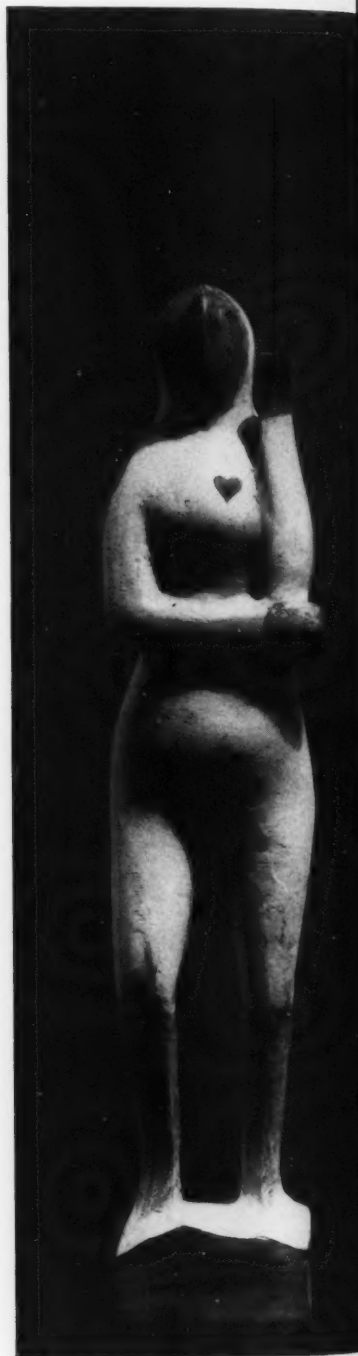
Ibram Lassaw,
ZODIAC HOUSE, 1958 (bronze and copper);
courtesy Kootz Gallery.



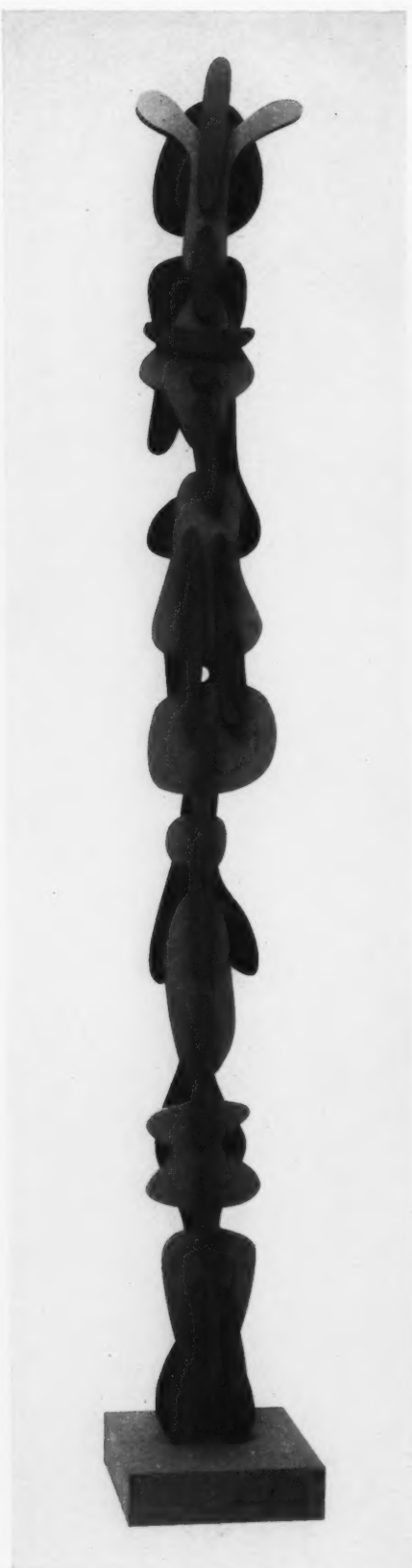
Herbert Kallem,
GROWTH NO. 2, 1957 (brass);
courtesy Roko Gallery.



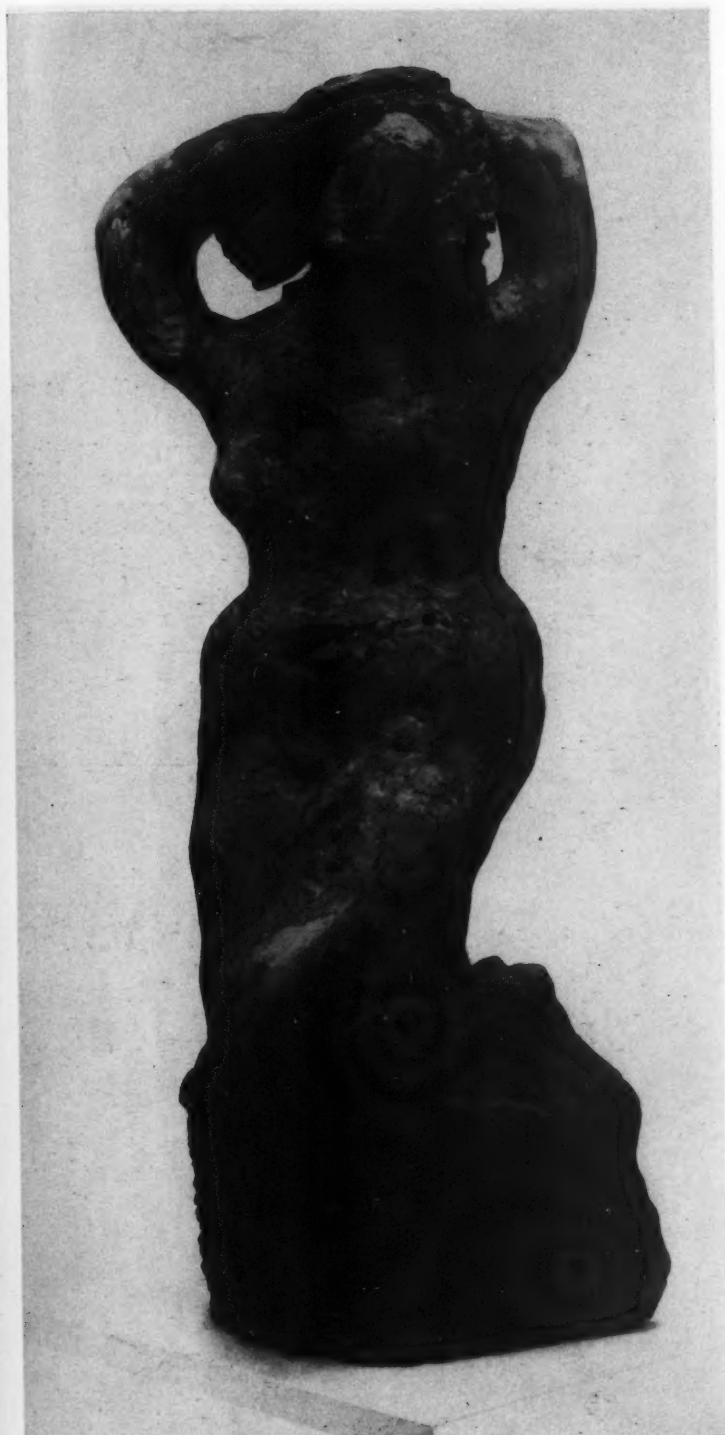
William King,
THE FENCE, 1957 (mahogany);
courtesy Alan Gallery.



Sidney Geist,
STONES AND BONES, 1957 (wood);
courtesy the artist.



SCULPTURE IN NEW YORK



Trajan,
LAMENTATION, 1957 (painted plaster);
courtesy Tanager Gallery.

Norman Wiener,
SKETCH FOR WOMAN WEARING CAPE, 1957 (plaster);
courtesy the artist.





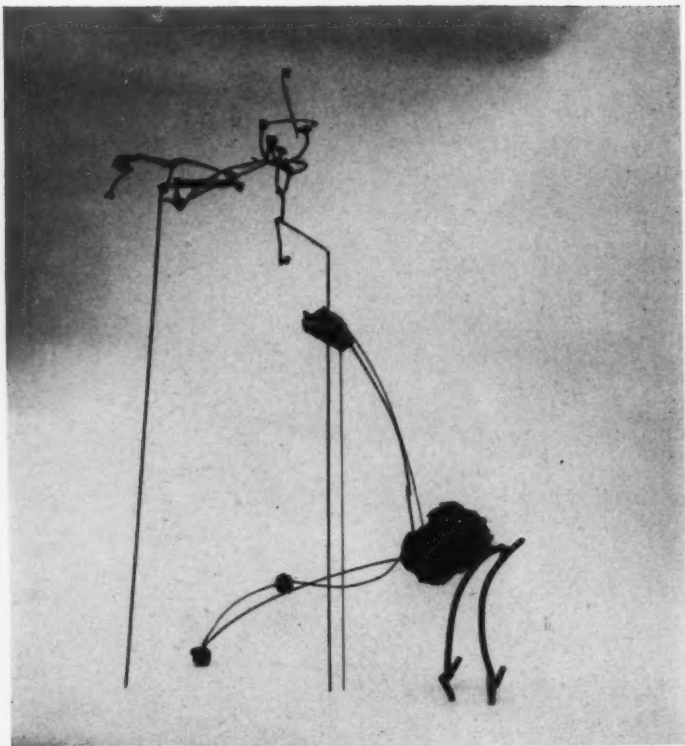
Fred Farr,
TWO ARMORED FIGURES, 1957 (bronze);
courtesy Paul Rosenberg and Co.



Joseph Konzal,
THE TRAVELERS, 1957 (coated wood);
courtesy Bertha Schaefer Gallery.

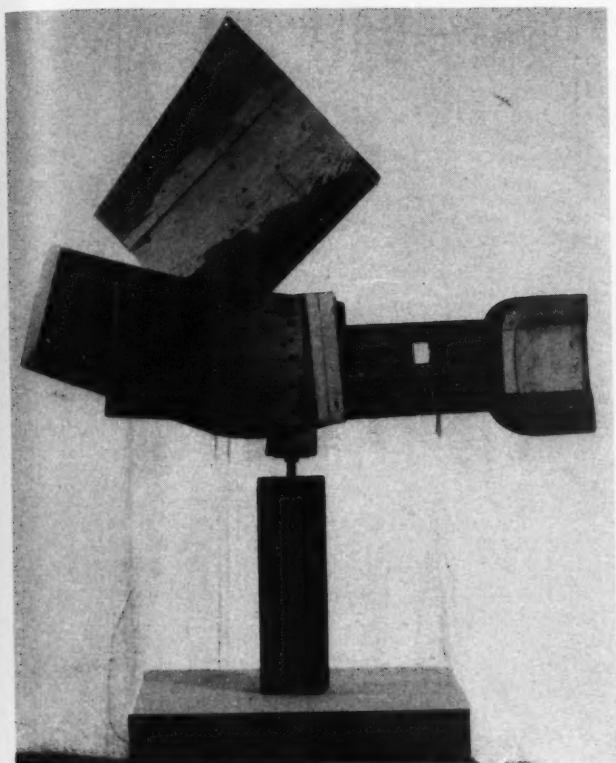


Anne Arnold, GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT, 1958
(polychrome wood); courtesy the artist.



Albert Terris,
CONCERNING STEEL AND MATTER, 1954 (steel); courtesy the artist.

SCULPTURE IN NEW YORK



Gabriel Kohn,
OBJECT FROM THE SEA, 1957 (wood);
courtesy Tanager Gallery.

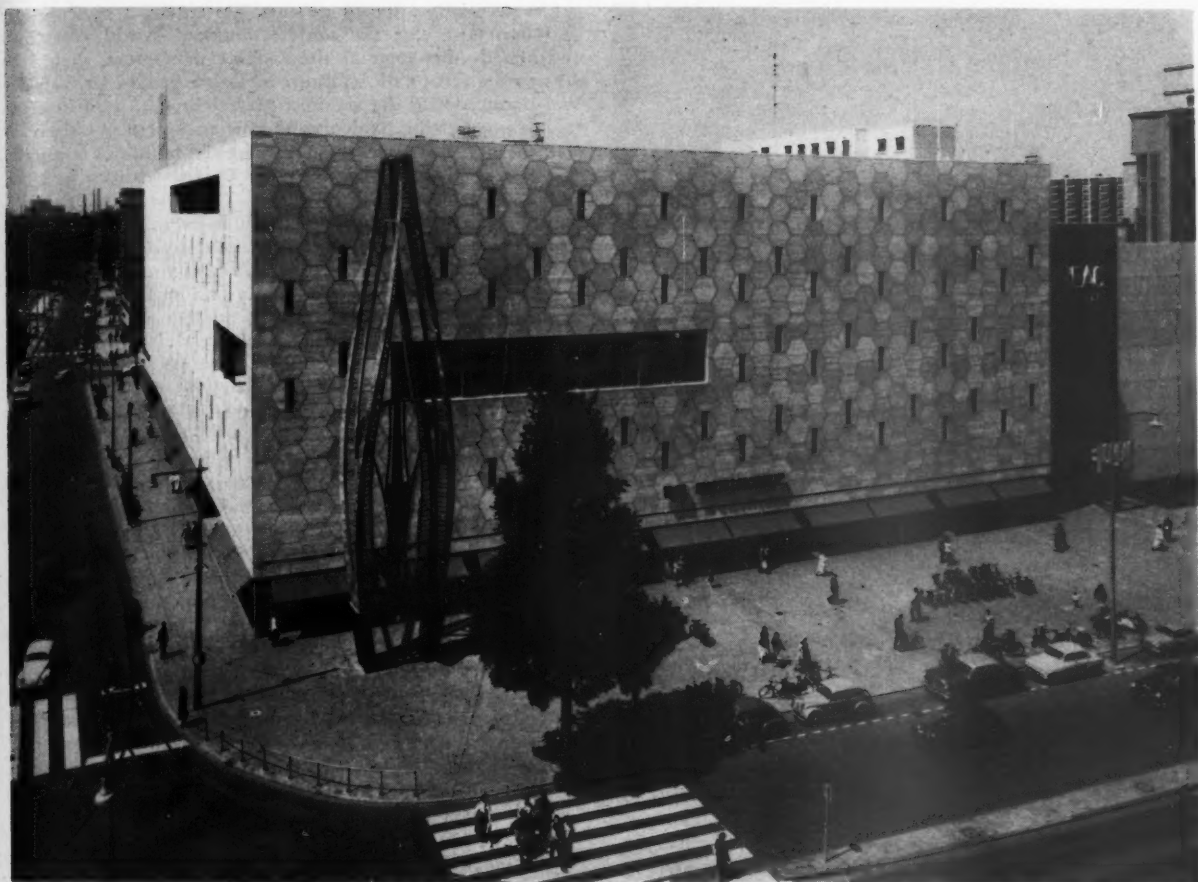
James Rosati, LEDA, 1957 (marble);
courtesy Fine Arts Associates.



Joseph Glasco, HEAD, 1958 (marble);
collection Scanlon Seeger, Jr., courtesy Viviano Gallery.







View of the new Bijenkorf Store in Rotterdam by the architect Marcel Breuer, showing the sculpture by Naum Gabo.

NAUM GABO'S MONUMENT FOR THE ROTTERDAM "BEEHIVE"

BY DAVID LEWIS

THE hope of being accorded an opportunity to make a sculpture on a monumental scale, such as the enormous Gabo construction for the new Bijenkorf (or "Beehive") Store in Rotterdam, is shared by almost every modern sculptor. To many, it would afford an exciting opportunity to test and realize three-dimensional conceptions on a large scale. The question of a setting comes into it, of course. Almost inevitably a sculpture of this kind, and size, must occur in a city—probably in an open space such as a public square or pedestrian way, and sited in relation to specific buildings.

The reason why so few modern sculptures of comparable scale have been erected is not hard to find, although it lies elsewhere than in the economic sphere. The modern era has been one of conflict between destructive impulses and creative aspirations on an unprecedented scale; and the visual arts in common with all aspects of creative life and thought have reflected these condi-

tions. What appears to be a state of anarchy, in the contemporary visual arts, as a rule hides the struggle of individuals to find a direction and co-ordinating scale of values with which they may creatively identify themselves. Because a uniting and developing tradition is absent, in art as in everyday life, these multitudinous explorations have tended to be disconnected, and sometimes even hysterical. The result has been gesture-art—cries from the hearts of individuals who live in a time without cohesion. The large-scale gesture-sculpture becomes a giant public manifestation of both vigor and loss. Zadkine's great Rotterdam sculpture is of this kind. Its public power lies in that it speaks for the feelings and contradictions of anguish, quest and bewilderment in everyman. The success of its architectural siting is that it is a foil to the new buildings: a positive and conscious act of disconnection.

ALTHOUGH he responds no less strongly to these conditions, the sculptural and spiritual orientation of Naum Gabo does not express itself in this way. From the time of that period

Opposite page: Detailed view of Gabo's Constructivist sculpture. Photos courtesy Architectural Design, London.

NAUM GABO'S MONUMENT



A view of the top of the monument.

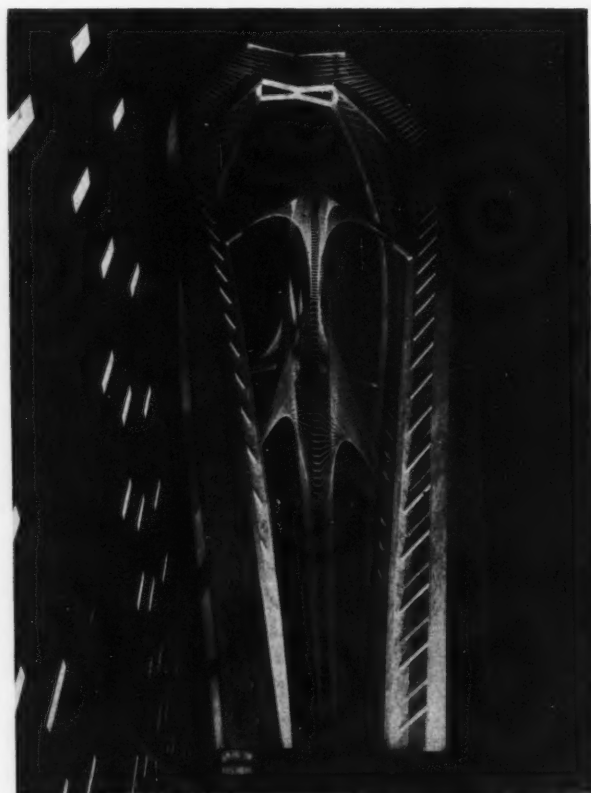
in Moscow at the end of the First World War when he, with his brother, the sculptor Antoine Pevsner, evolved the tenets of Constructive Art, Gabo has opposed the destructive characteristics of our century with the constructive. In his belief, the intuitive drive of mankind is working toward a better and more co-ordinated society, in spite of the destruction and terrors of recent years. Art, architecture and science are precisely the forces which can lead the twentieth century away from anarchy and self-destruction, since they can supply the technics, the imagination and ideals. To support his view, he speaks for example of the indefatigable work and ideals of the younger generation of constructive architects throughout the world, who are making their free and silent contribution toward the stability of the human spirit through establishing in cities, villages and individual buildings, spacious, functional and fluent environments for human life.

Gabo works in order to make a sculptural contribution—the imagist contribution of a visual poet—to this theme. Since before 1920, he has worked almost exclusively in industrial materials, wire, sheet metals, glass, and later, plastics, the characteristic materials of our time. His sculptures are, as their name implies, “constructed”—but with a particular aim in view. “The constructive architect plans his edifice,” wrote Gabo in his essay *Toward a Unity of the Constructive Arts*, “from a central inner point where the most essential part, the human body, is placed. From this point all the vital projections radiate toward the exterior. Constructive sculpture bears the same characteristics, for it is a manifestation of the same concept of space. A constructive sculptor no longer tries to force his images into a given static scheme. He tries rather to materialize the images of his inner impulses, projecting them from one vital central point in space and making them radiate toward the outside in an open, free and unlimited volume, so that the final lines of these projections form the organic skin of an imaginary organism.” “I think that the image of my work,” wrote Gabo in a published letter to Sir Herbert Read, “is the image of good—not of evil; the image of order—not of chaos; the image of life—not of death.”*

*Cf. *Gabo*, an illustrated monograph recently published by Harvard University Press, with writings by the artist, and introductions by Sir Herbert Read and Sir Leslie Martin. [Editor's Note: This book is reviewed on page 44 of the present issue.]

It is peculiarly appropriate that Rotterdam, a phoenix city reborn after the German bombings of World War Two and already the home of the Zadkine monument, should be the site of a vast public sculpture by Gabo. In 1952 Dr. Van der Wal commissioned the architect Marcel Breuer, born in Hungary, trained at the Bauhaus and now an American citizen, to plan the new Beehive Store to replace the buildings originally designed by Dudok, an *avant-garde* Dutch architect, in 1930, and destroyed by the Nazi bombers. The new building which Breuer planned is massively rectangular—boxlike—with façades clad in travertine marble. On one of these façades (facing Cool-singel Street) the marble cladding is in hexagonal slabs, a shape based on the cells of a beehive and a pun on the name of the store, and into these slabs is cut the one enormous horizontal window of the upstairs restaurant, giving a view over the city, and a series of small rectangular slit openings which break the monotony of the continuous plane. In 1954 Dr. Van der Wal commissioned Gabo to create a sculpture, to be free-standing in relation to this façade, and to rise from the pedestrian way in front of the building. The work he projected, and which has now been erected, stands fifteen feet away from the façade, and rises to about eighty feet, almost as high as the building itself.

Although the material of the construction is steel, those who know Gabo's past work and sources of inspiration will not be surprised at his assertion that one of his basic considerations was the growth of a tree. Yet it is not the external image of a tree which interests him, but the strength and lightness of its soaring structure, as it ascends and reaches out into space. In his great lyrical construction at Rotterdam, four twisting shafts soar and spiral to an apex, setting in motion a series of clear, light, inter-changing linear rhythms. It is the image of a modern visual poet concerned with endless rhythms in space and time. In the midst of this new and living city, which has risen, full of vibrant modern life, from the ashes of the old, the Gabo construction is a soaring idealistic affirmation of universal oneness, in nature and in human creativity.



The monument illuminated at night; photo courtesy Marcel Breuer and Associates.

PROFESSOR JANSON'S "DONATELLO"

*An astonishing record of the sculptural oeuvre
is joined with a major contribution in scholarship.*

BY LEO STEINBERG

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS has finally released the long-promised *Sculpture of Donatello* by H. W. Janson.* There are three possible approaches to this work, and all three should be taken. The first will treat it as a picture book. Here are 660 plates in photogravure, most of them new and forming, in the author's claim, "the most exhaustive record of an individual sculptor's work ever made available in published form."

Strangely enough, this lavish pile does not induce a sense of opulence, but of austerity. As the pages are turned, the camera walks us slowly around every free-standing sculpture; the image repeats with those slight shifts of angle which perpetually recast its silhouette, imposing thereby the integrity of an unhurried, pondered contemplation. Then the lens focuses on heads or hands or details of ornament, on normally averted, even hidden, planes, disclosing what no human eye since Donatello's own has seen. And for each relief—an unstinting sequence of details, which makes one feel, even in so popular a work as *Herod's Feast* in the Siena Baptistery, that it was never really seen before. We recognize Donatello's familiar heroes, but we rejoin them at close range to find a race whose human consciousness is palpably accentuated, whose bodies answer with pathetic intensity to every emotional tremor, so that physique, posture and gesture are absorbed into a spiritual state which is at once actual and constitutional. Donatello's invention and range of sympathy reveal themselves as without like. Compared to him, every sculptor, before or since, is an emotion-specialist. But Donatello can move from melting sweetness to acerbity, from serene to frenetic, from beauty to bitterness, from Renaissance control to ecstatic possession. As a picture book I know of none more serious than this.

THE second approach takes us to Volume II, a critical catalogue and work of reference which in method and scope forms an instructive model in contemporary scholarship.

Each entry begins, after a listing of the physical facts, with a reprint (in English) of all relevant documents, then of the literary sources bearing on the work down to the year 1600. The reader is thus put in possession of all clues. He is not told; he is informed and invited to join the discussion. There follows a summary of scholarly opinion and of the problems raised by it, whether of attribution, dating, iconography, condition, quality or style. It is a point of honor that such personal contributions as stylistic analysis, polemics and speculation set in only where objective data fail. Put another way, the modern scholar must continually earn the right to personal interpretations by first proving their necessity from the silence of fact. And there is this among the author's further self-imposed rigors: where he rejects an earlier opinion, he is never content with refutation alone, or the substitution of a better theory; he makes it his business to demonstrate how, when and why the error arose. Thus a major charm of the work consists in the little histories of errors that threaten the argument.

The author's style proceeds at two different paces, and both are determined by tact. He is terse in technical definition and

description (e.g., of John XXIII's Tomb in the Florence Baptistery: "... the features of Coscia's head, heavy-lidded, porcine, yet even in death still twitching with animal appetites"). And he is patient and leisurely when he argues a point. Here the tone is so urbane, the pace of the unfolding dialectic so informal, that we seem to be present at a friendly meeting of Donatello amateurs, Mr. Janson having the last word not so much because he is writing the book, but because he has looked harder and longer and, despite his ardent admiration for the master, with a clearer head. Let me give one example.

It concerns the seated *St. John* now in the Duomo Museum, and whether it is to be dated very early, c. 1410, as the author suggests, or as late as 1415. One of the arguments for the later date is the *terribilità* of the head, with its famous, fire-spouting eyes. Now, says the author, "the fiery glance of the *St. John* is produced by nothing more than two casual nicks on the surface of the eyeballs, nicks of uneven size and so poorly placed as to give the figure a distinctly wall-eyed appearance . . . When and by whom the 'missing' pupils were added in such crude fashion we cannot determine—perhaps it was a misguided Michelangelo-enthusiast of the later sixteenth century who wanted to direct the gaze of the statue towards the main portal of the Cathedral. In any event, Donatello had left the eyeballs uncarved . . . As soon as they are restored to their pristine condition (as is done by retouching in Plate 14) the expression of the face becomes calmer and more pensive—psychologically 'neutral,' as it were." This same "restoration" leads us to observe that *St. John's* majestic face is also perfectly smooth of skin, in fact, "a youthful head on which a beard and mustache have been superimposed." And when at last this observation is combined with a more extended stylistic analysis, the author's earlier dating becomes irresistible.

THIS kind of developed innocence pervades much of the book. Note, for instance, the restoration of the *St. Rossore* bust to Donatello's oeuvre: "the inorganic relation of head to shoulders," complained of by previous scholars, is attributed by Lanyi and Janson to an unfortunate bronze collar, a barbarous later addition which disfigures the transitional lines of the neck.

In the prolonged discussions that lead in case after case to an authentication and a plausible date, it becomes clear that always the author begins with a hypothesis based on his own esthetic response: his intuitive grasp of the genuine or spurious provides the incentive for a minute perusal of the sources, of the arguments of others, and of the monument itself. This becomes most apparent in his disattribution—the fourteen rejected works which close the catalogue volume (among them the so-called *Poggio* and the so-called *Niccolo da Uzzano* bust, which have both been long questioned by others). Here the most spectacular cancellation is Donatello's *St. Lawrence* (in the Old Sacristy of San Lorenzo), which turns out to be neither by Donatello nor of that saint, but a *St. Leonard* by Desiderio da Settignano. Its elimination from the Donatello corpus is dictated by psychological and esthetic intuition, which is only subsequently confirmed by argument—though, in deference to scholarly etiquette, the presentation is made in reverse order.

**The Sculpture of Donatello*, by H. W. Janson. Incorporating the notes and photographs of the late Jenő Lanyi. Princeton University Press, 2 vols., \$40.00.



PROFESSOR JANSON'S "DONATELLO"

THIS brings me to the third approach. This reference volume may, with the proper hurdle-race technique, be read as a book, being a hoard of scholarship, insight and wit. Since the edition is small and the price high, I recommend at least one visit to the nearest library for random browsing which is likely to please the most varied appetites. A taste for detective fiction will, I believe, be highly gratified by Janson's discussion of exactly what "adaptations" Donatello made to his marble David of 1409 (in the Bargello) when he returned to it in 1416 for "five florins' worth of work." And a taste for cultural history will be intrigued to see how these same adaptations converted the David from a religious to a patriotic symbol.

Those who enjoy curious facts will find them liberally scattered—that "the wart was regarded as a sort of facial emblem of Cicero in the Renaissance," or that the arms of Donatello's Santa Maria Novella Crucifix are hinged, so that the figure must have been intended as a ceremonial puppet for use in popular entombment spectacles—as such crucifix figures still are used, Professor Janson informs us, in remote towns of Greece; whence the custom is probably traceable to the ritual lustration of cult images in archaic Greece.

But by far the most significant aspect of Dr. Janson's text is his constant attention to psychological functions, both in the works discussed and in their maker. It is here that he adds a new dimension to Donatello research. The "central fact" that governs the composition of the *Feast of Herod* relief is, for him, "the impact of violent death upon the living." And again, in the *Miracles of St. Anthony* reliefs at Padua, "it is the electrifying impact of these miracles on the populace that has been Donatello's first concern."

In the effort to reconstitute the psychological climate wherein certain earlier Donatellos were born, Professor Janson quotes a licentious homosexual poem, whose author addresses the *St. George* as his "beautiful Ganymede." And to explain the famous bronze *David*, he articulates what many indeed must have felt, but no one has yet published. Since homosexual attitudes are clearly no less influential in the creation of certain art works than such factors as income or health, both of which have received due attention from scholars, I think it worth quoting the passage at length—as much for its immediate insight as for its final conclusion:

The classical flavor of the David stems from psychological far more than from formal causes; here, as in ancient statues, the body speaks to us more eloquently than the face, which by Donatello's standards is strangely devoid of expression. Try as we may, we cannot penetrate the quiet musing of this boy . . . Psychologically, he seems the counterpart of Salome—*le beau garçon sans merci*, conscious only of his own sensuous beauty. Here we must take account of an aspect of Donatello's personality which, for understandable reasons, has not been mentioned in the literature: his reputation as a homosexual. [There follow a number of contemporary anecdotes; and then:] Does not our David, too, fit the image of the artist conveyed by these tales? He is not a classical *ephebos* but the "beautiful apprentice"; not an ideal but an object of desire, strangely androgynous in its combination of sinewy angularity with feminine softness and fullness. [And finally:] A hundred years earlier Boccaccio had pleaded for the divorce of aesthetic from moral values in his *Defense of Poetry*: "Would you condemn painting and sculpture if Praxiteles had carved the shameless Priapus rather than the chaste Diana?" Our statue would seem to be the first major work of Renaissance art to pose Boccaccio's question in visual form.

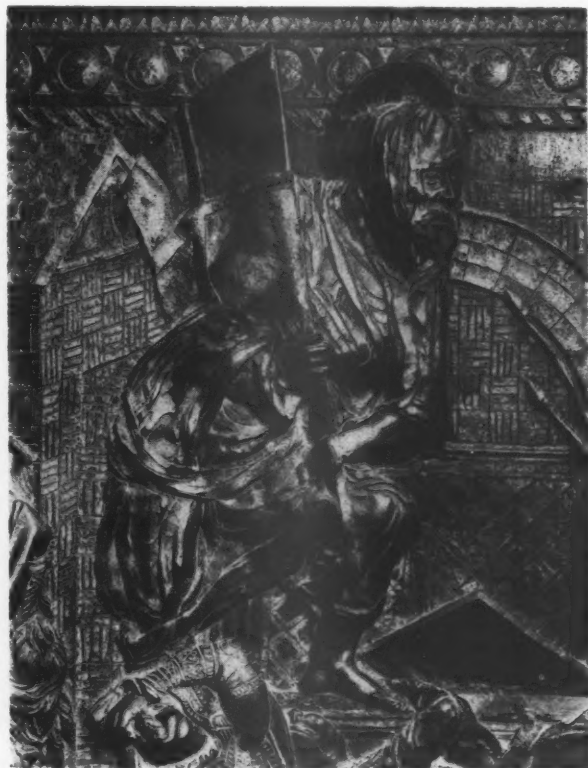
The same sensibility to the artist's psychological being leads Professor Janson to blame his final listless years at Padua (1450-52) on an inner crisis, a crisis of confidence from which emerge the wraith-like, Byzantinizing effigies of the last period: the *St. John* in the Frari Church, Venice; the *Penitent Magdalen*; the *Giovannino Martelli* and the Siena *St. John*—works

that convey "the metaphysical reality of faith through a deepened insight into the nature of religious experience on the psychological plane. The facial expressions of these late statues mirror a manic state so acutely observed that it almost demands description in terms of modern psychopathology. Only the warmth and power of the artist's human understanding separates these heads from the realm of the clinical." And the face of the *Judith* who stands before the Florence Signoria expresses "a psychological state that skirts the borders of delirium."

ONE final point. Throughout the critical catalogue, wherever anecdotes about the artist or his work are cited, their credibility is submitted to rigorous and ingenious tests—from which they usually emerge discredited. Vasari's story about Brunelleschi dismissing Donatello's crucifix as "a peasant hung on a cross" is shown to be a retrojection from the cinquecento; another is intended to confirm the artist's right to create his own standards, and to disqualify lay or uninformed judgment. Others of Vasari's tales are shown to aim at the establishment of a "pecking order" among Early Renaissance sculptors, with Brunelleschi in the lead and Donatello well ahead of Nanni di Banco. The story of Donatello challenging his *Zuccone* to speak is, according to Janson, "simply a dramatization of the conventional compliment so often applied to great works of art in antiquity and the Renaissance—that the statue needs only the power of speech in order to seem alive." Where Vasari ascribes the completion of Donatello's Siena relief to a native Sienese, whereas the documents of payment mention Donatello alone, Janson dismisses Vasari's report as having "all the earmarks of a local tradition motivated by a desire to increase the share of native artists in this famous monument." Such instances can be multiplied; some of them, though not all, are listed under "anecdotes" in the index.

This matter is of some importance since its consideration led the author to omit a Donatello "Life" from his book. He points out that the material for biography and character inter-

continued on page 61



Opposite page: **Donatello**, *ST. MARY MAGDALEN* (detail), from the Baptistery, Florence. At right: **THE RESURRECTION** (detail), from the south pulpit, San Lorenzo, Florence.

BOOKS ON SCULPTURE

Jean Arp by Carola Giedion-Welcker. Harry N. Abrams, Inc. \$12.50.

Gabo. Constructions, sculpture, paintings, drawings, engravings. With introductory essays by Herbert Read and Leslie Martin. Harvard University Press. \$15.00.

Constantin Brancusi by David Lewis. George Wittenborn, Inc. \$3.50.

Is a full-scale review of Gabo more valuable than a minor work on Brancusi? Is a first-rate book on Arp more interesting than both? Impponderables of taste and value are involved in the solution of these equations; but there is no doubt that the highest weight-strength ratio in the three books listed above is to be found in Mme Giedion-Welcker's study on Arp.

A beautifully printed large quarto volume; it contains 105 pages of excellent halftone reproductions, most of them full-page, and 31 black-and-white illustrations scattered through the text. Marguerite Hagenbach has supplied a catalogue of the sculpture of Arp and a bibliography, and there is a chronology by Hans Bolliger.

The large and varied body of Arp's work is sympathetically reviewed by Mme Giedion-Welcker, who manages to make each facet of Arp's career take on the kind of ultimate significance that usually attaches to the whole life of any other artist. The facets (or turnings?) of Arp's life and work are many, but in the end they do compose one being—Arp. It is Arp who practically singlehanded invented what is sometimes called "free-form," a type of form with a continuous, flowing contour, the product of a special intuition of nature and of an unerring sense of design. A great part of the charm of Arp's vision lies in the humor that accompanies it, a humor that is not an ingredient in his work but rather the result of the easy submission of all material to his gentle, dreamy system. Mme Giedion-Welcker speaks of "that dynamic order in which everything fluctuates and is eternally subject to change and transformation." Let us admit, gratefully, that an order in which a shape that looks like a doughnut and is called a navel and may become a sun is an order that has its comic as well as its cosmic aspects.

A NEW, lavish volume on Gabo is the most comprehensive presentation to date of the Constructivist sculptor's work and ideas. Besides the brief introductory pieces, the volume includes a facsimile and translation of the Realistic Manifesto of 1920, six statements by Gabo, an exchange of letters, an interview and other material. It is illustrated with 132 plates which enable us to study the progress of a long career. (There are even fourteen full-color plates of paintings by Gabo!) Gabo has discussed Constructivism on several occasions, and a quotation from an article of 1937 in *Circle*, reprinted in this volume, must suffice: "The Constructive idea has given back to sculpture its old forces and faculties, the most powerful of which is its capacity to act architectonically." Sir Leslie Martin discusses Gabo's sculpture as architecture in a refreshingly sensible manner.

For all the size and physical splendor of this

publication, one of its reproductions is printed upside down, and it is badly proofread. Names and entries are spelled or recorded in two, three and four manners, the varieties appearing even in the very same paragraph. It is hardly gallant of the Harvard University Press to misspell the name of Katherine Dreier, the benefactress of the Yale University Art Gallery; or to change the American sculptor Lassaw's first name from Ibram to Arbam.

An unusual feature of this book is a series of ten pairs of color plates intended to be viewed through the spectacles which lie entombed in a rectangular depression in the thick back cover. The purpose of this device is to produce three-dimensional pictures and render the sculptures more present. This device, to judge from the language of the book jacket, has caused the publisher a certain embarrassment, and will cause its users considerable eyestrain. Perhaps future books on Gabo will have pop-ups or assembly kits. One can only say that such expedients have a justice in them: Gabo has made a *thing* of the book just as he has made a *thing* of sculpture.

THE first monograph in English on Brancusi is a small, attractive volume with a "short biography" and a "concise bibliography." Brief as its main text is, some eight thousand words long, it is followed by notes about a third as long; either the task of integrating the material was too difficult (and indeed certain material appears in both places), or the author found it necessary to aggrandize his subject by the emblems of scholarship. The appearance of scholarship is vitiated by countless errors of orthography and fact, and by a style at once intricate and inexact. Phrases like "absorbed

into a body of awareness" and "the rest of his sculpting life," the characterization of age, drought, decay and death as the "antidotes" to the "life" of wood—these merely set the teeth on edge. But entries like "the collector Edward Steichen" and "Stieglitz's Photo Succession Gallery" present troubles of another order.

On page 17 of his essay, Mr. Lewis dates the *Sleeping Muse*, the first piece that exhibits the elements of Brancusi's mature style, as of 1908-10. Among the plates at the back of the book this piece is dated 1909-10, and it is so dated in Zervos' *Constantin Brancusi* (Paris, 1957). What would seem to be one typographical slip among many has serious connotations, for Mr. Lewis has Brancusi as a "solitary pioneer" who "worked without modern sculptural precedents." Now for some time before and some time after doing this strongly stylized head, Brancusi made carvings in a bold, primitivistic style—*Ancient Figure*, versions of *The Kiss*, *Caryatids*, *Penguins*. In April of 1909 Elie Nadelman had a show in Paris which caused a sensation and which contained work that is certainly related to what Brancusi was to do in the next few years. Picasso did a few unusual small wood carvings in another manner at this time, and Epstein, Zadkine, Gaudier and Modigliani did advanced work in the years immediately following. All this is not to detract from Brancusi; on the other hand, Brancusi's reputation does not need the type of inflation this essay provides. Brancusi was not a "solitary pioneer" even if he was the first man to make Brancusi. The only contemporary influence Mr. Lewis mentions is that of Modigliani (to whom Brancusi gave instruction in carving). As for Mr. Lewis' phrase "without modern sculptural precedents," it veils the fact of ancient precedents—of Atri-



Constantin Brancusi, FLYING TURTLE; collection Guggenheim Museum.



Honoré Daumier, *L'IMPORTANT MALICIEUX* (left); *L'IRONISTE* (right). Both sculptures of painted clay.

can and Oriental influences which, pages later, he does mention, and of Cycladic and prehistoric influences which he never mentions. It is typical of his romantic approach to say, "In carving his method was always direct cutting without preliminary drawings." This hardly seems likely, nor is direct cutting necessarily described as done without preliminary drawings: in fact, plate 62 is labeled *Study for the new born 1914*, pencil and gouache . . . and plate 9 is labeled *The new born, 1915, marble* . . .

Confusion occurs elsewhere in this volume. Mr. Lewis refers to a *Walking Turtle* and then to a "Flying Turtle in pear wood (after 1943) perhaps the last sculpture he completed." Yet the plates show two views of a *Flying Turtle* c. 1943, marble. . . . As if this were not enough, he quotes a statement by James Johnson Sweeney in which reference is made to a *Walking Turtle* in wood, and to a *Flying Turtle* carved in stone because "the straight grain of the marble was only adaptable to the communication of a taut, outstretched movement—the tension of flying as he [Brancusi] saw it." (If I may add to the confusion, Brancusi told me, in 1949, that his first turtle, in wood and quite realistic, appeared to him to fly rather than walk, so he made another, and, whipping away a white drape, "This one really walks!" He revealed the stone version now called—*Flying Turtle*.)

Here in one place are most of the facts of Brancusi's life and death, some statements by him, and sixty-four pages of reproductions; all this is something to be thankful for. But Mr. Lewis' romantic reading of the life and the work adds little to the legend which already exists and nothing to a further understanding of the noblest figure in the sculpture of this century. Brancusi awaits a serious study in English.

SIDNEY GEIST

Daumier Sculpteur by Maurice Gobin. Pierre Cailler, Geneva.

DURING his lifetime, Honoré Daumier (1808-79) was known and appreciated only as an illustrator. The significance of his paintings was not recognized before 1900, and another two or three decades passed before any attention was paid to his sculptures,* small in number and in size, but nevertheless as meaningful in the development of modern sculpture as, for instance, the three-dimensional work of his admirer, Degas.

Maurice Gobin, in the present book, published some time ago in Switzerland but still virtually unknown here, lists and carefully describes sixty-four works. Photographs are furnished for all but one—a figurine, *Le Valet de Chambre*, which Gobin had seen but which apparently disappeared during the last war, without any photographic record. Evidently, while Daumier was still alive, other pieces must have crumbled to dust in the cupboards of friends, or failed to survive the rigors of transport.

The artist, we are told, only rarely bothered to fire his clay models, and only for the celebrated *Ratapoil*, *The Emigrants* and the self-portrait did he ask a professional sculptor to make a mold. As the excellent reproductions in the book reveal, many of the surviving works are badly cracked. It is small solace that all pieces can also be studied in the newspaper lithographs which they inspired, and which, in the book, appear on the left-hand pages. Indeed, these sculptures were not ends in themselves. Their purpose was that ordinarily served by pencil sketches. "*Modèles évocateurs*," as Gobin calls them, they were shaped by the artist, rapidly and with a sure touch, as aids in the production of graphic art.

*Editor's Note: See page 14 for Annette Michelson's critique on the current showing of Daumier's sculpture in Paris.

PRIOR to M. Gobin's *catalogue raisonné*, little was known about at least a fourth of them. Of those that were known, first and foremost in popularity was *Ratapoil* (literally, "hairy rat"), that eighteen-inch-high figure of a swaggering, club-wielding police agent; then the thirty-six portrait busts (none over seven inches) of reactionary deputies, the "yes men" of King Louis-Philippe; and finally the bas-relief, *The Emigrants* (sorrowful people trekking along a wearisome road). Concerning the busts, some inaccurate statements have crept even into ordinarily reliable textbooks. Gobin therefore insists that Daumier made these satirical clay portraits of ugly and obnoxious politicians not while sitting among the journalists in the Chamber of Deputies, as some writers have it, but *after* the sessions, in his studio, where he relied on what Baudelaire hailed as "*une mémoire merveilleuse et quasi-divine*."

While some of these little busts (drastic parodies of the heroic busts current in the last century) were even included in Daumier's only one-man show (of 1878), the full-length figurines (Nos. 40-58 in the catalogue) must come as a surprise to most readers. These middle-class Parisians—among them a dandy, a poet, a lawyer, a *bon vivant* and an art lover—might have sprung from Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*. They are genre types, perceived with caprice and humor, yet without the sentimentality and the clutter that so often mar the knickknacks kept in the vitrines of our grandmothers. Relatively unknown, too, are the self-portrait (facing a photograph of the artist, taken in 1855) and *Le Fardeau*, the burden-bearing laundress with her little child, also the theme of the celebrated oil in the Tate Gallery. No. 59, either a portrait of Louis XIV or just the study of a man with an elaborate wig, is generally but not unanimously attributed to Daumier.

In an appendix to the catalogue, samples of Daumier's designs are reproduced to demonstrate that his concept was sculptural in his drawings too. Shown also are several figurines by Jean-Pierre Dantan so obviously imitations of Nos. 40-58 that Dantan, a slightly older contemporary, placed the double signature "J.D.-H.D." upon them. "Cute," if not "corny," these pieces do not live up to Daumier's esthetic standards.

UNFORTUNATELY, Gobin makes little effort to discuss the sculptural *oeuvre* in terms of general esthetics and art history. Those who have eyes can of course admire, on the strength of the clear photographs, the superb qualities of these unpretentious small creations: their massiveness and simplicity, achieved by a spontaneous approach that called for summary treatment, for a suggestiveness that allowed all sorts of "omissions" and "exaggerations," while discouraging naturalistic descriptive elements. But Gobin should have placed this *oeuvre* in proper historic perspective by pointing out how utterly different Daumier's pieces are from the smooth, coldly intellectual pseudo-Greek statues by Canova, Thorvaldsen and their followers that were widely admired during his lifetime. More emphasis might have been put on the achievements and shortcomings of Rude, Barye and Carpeaux, and on Rodin, who at the time of Daumier's death had just finished his early masterpiece, *John the*

continued on page 61



Etienne Hajdu, *ADOLESCENCE* (1957); at Knoedler Galleries.

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY HILTON KRAMER

THE sculpture of Etienne Hajdu has been slow to establish itself on the art scene in New York. Four works were included in the "New Decade" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in 1955, and this season Mr. Sweeney showed a few more in his presentation of seven sculptors at the Guggenheim Museum.* Until now no gallery in New York has taken him up, but a number of American collectors who acquaint themselves with the reigning reputations in Paris have been purchasing his works for several years. Now in his fifty-first year, Hajdu holds a position of seniority among the sculptors of the School of Paris today. He has been saluted in the *Cahiers d'Art*; he has been the subject of a little monograph in the *Musée de Poche* series; and last summer his work was shown, together with that of the painter Tal Coat, in an impressive two-man exhibition at the Kunsthalle in Bern. Much of the acclaim available to a serious artist of his generation in Paris—serious, that is, as distinguished from the likes of Buffet—has been his for the last few years.

Hajdu has just had his first one-man show in New York: the handsome exhibition of twenty-nine works at Knoedler's (April 29-May 19). One finds very little to quarrel with in this exhibition; the selection is excellent and the presentation remarkably felicitous, overcoming in fact one's apprehensions about the hanging of the large copper and aluminum reliefs on walls more appropriate to easel paintings in ornate frames. Moreover, in keeping with Hajdu's status abroad, Knoedler's took the unusual step of issuing a handsome catalogue which includes an apt, if too short, text by Michel Seuphor.†

Hajdu has lived in Paris since 1927. He was born, of Hungarian parents, in Rumania, and came to the French capital at the age of twenty. He studied with Bourdelle and Niclausse, but his first decisive contact with modern art is said to have taken place in 1930 at an exhibition of Léger. (By one of those "symbolic" coincidences of which the French make so much, this was also the year he became a French citizen.)

As an artist, Hajdu's closest affinities are with Léger and Brancusi. His work shares with theirs a quality of seeming urbane and sophisticated and, at the same time, immutable and timelessly "given" in its simplicities. All three are artists who often aspire to monumental themes but always by means of the leanest rhetoric. It was Brancusi, of course, who established this lean rhetoric for monolithic sculpture in our time. And Léger—to speak only of an aspect of his work which throws some light on Hajdu's—had created around 1913, in his "Contrast of Forms" series, a group of paintings which are pregnant with hints for the kind of sculptural relief which Hajdu attempted years later. Add to this the cartoon-like profiles of Léger's later figurative works—profiles which share the simplicity, if not the sensibility, of Brancusi's silhouettes—and you are in the realm of images which Hajdu's vision also inhabits.

Hajdu works in two modes, and both were very well represented in the Knoedler exhibition. The first is a stark, yet often elegant and humorous, sculptural silhouette cut out of thin slabs of marble. The themes here are usually the heads of women, often a woman with a hat; occasionally it will be the entire female figure, or, less often, plant forms or a bird. The intention, however, devolves upon the transformation of the theme (and the material) into a stunning abstract shape whose outer edges cut sharply and decisively into the space which surrounds them. These so-called silhouettes are free-standing sculpture, and they are thus silhouettes only in a

*See Sidney Geist's commentary in "Month in Review" for March. †Hajdu. Text by Michel Seuphor. Knoedler Galleries, \$2.00.

manner of speaking. Although seemingly flat, their surfaces are actually modeled with some of the gentlest subtleties in modern sculpture. Both sides of the slab are modeled, and even the "thin" view of the slab—the sculpture viewed sideways, as it were—reveals the sensitivity of the carver's hand, in this case conferring on the slender mass a curious effect of tender massiveness. It must be said that some of these *seem* as if they could get away with being works of art simply on the basis of their exquisite materials. Hajdu works in some of the most beautiful marble in the world. If he gets away with it in an age which has grown used to testing its esthetic integrity in the arduous workshop of "ugly" materials, it is because he is willing to go all the way; he does not play "against" the beautiful, but, on the contrary, proliferates forms of such elegance and serenity that the materiality of his means is assimilated to his imagist conception. Nor is there in his work any genuflection before facile notions of truth-to-material; he certainly knows how to show off the natural beauties of stone—in a piece such as *Adolescence*, they are breath-taking—but in the end all the material attributes of the stone become pure functions of his conception. The image is his own.

The other mode in which he works is the metal relief. I agree with M. Seuphor when he remarks that "The metal reliefs provide a less immediate pleasure to the eye but are also of a deeper resonance." They represent Hajdu's most original work. Each relief is a continuous skin of metal, either copper or aluminum, whose surface is "modeled" (actually, hammered) into an orchestration of raised and depressed

motifs whose undulating continuity has the logic and the grace of a natural phenomenon. It is the product of the most arduous physical labor—the notion, recently expressed by a critic in the *New York Times*, that such forms are realized by a few "knocks here or there" on the underside of the metal sheet, is patently absurd—and yet it has all the appearance of being the effortless reverie of a gentle and poetic sensibility. (The reliefs are first executed in clay in their entirety, and then cast in plaster; the metal sheets are spread over the casts which function as guides to the sculptor's hammer as he executes the final work.) The motifs in Hajdu's reliefs have changed a little over the last decade—say, from the sharper and more angular forms of his *Homage to Bela Bartók* (1949) to the rounded and more voluptuous forms of *The Dance* (1957)—yet the basis of their style remains the same: clusters of forms disposed in orchestrated intervals, giving the effect of a single, over-all image (as in much of recent abstract painting) but yielding to the eye a very sensitive "progress" of forms all the same. Hajdu's great gift, whether in the reliefs or in the marble "heads," is this capacity to capture the eye directly with a single, discrete image which, upon examination, reveals a plastic configuration which only a mind of great refinement could have conceived.

Where his gift fails him, I believe, is in the ambitious *Grande Figure* (1957), which attempts to bring together the two modes which remain separate elsewhere. This work is a large, free-standing figure created out of two sheets of hammered copper which are joined together; the edges along which

Hajdu, HOMAGE TO BELA BARTOK (1949).





Hajdu, TETE BLANCHE (1958); at Knoedler Galleries.

they are joined form the silhouette of the piece. I find it a very odd conception. Taken separately, the front and the back are executed exactly as the reliefs are executed although the orchestration of themes is tighter and less airy. For all practical purposes—that is, for the purposes of the eye—the sculpture “ends” at the silhouette, and a new sculpture begins on the back; they simply cannot be taken in together, either visually or conceptually. Moreover, the silhouette itself, with its double purpose of joinery and formal definition, is without much distinction—at least, by the elegant standards which are laid down elsewhere in Hajdu’s *oeuvre*. The *Grande Figure* is that

curious conception: a free-standing relief; and for all the labor and vision invested in it, the synthesis which Hajdu was seeking here remains unrealized.

M. Seuphor says of Hajdu that he is “an artist who has seen a great deal, read deeply and thought profoundly. His work comes to us enriched by his personal culture. He owes his soul to this culture . . .” We have lately fallen into the habit of regarding this habit of mind in an artist as a failing and a liability. Hajdu’s work does much to redeem our respect for the cultivated artistic sensibility—and, incidentally, for Parisian art in general. I remarked at the beginning of this piece that Hajdu’s sculp-

ture has been slow to establish itself on the New York scene, and one suspects that it is this cultivation and serenity of mind which are largely responsible. Our own impulses in the arts have lately taken other forms, and for this reason, as well as for its intrinsic achievement, Hajdu's work may be all the more valuable to us at the present time.

THE exhibition of sculpture by Henri Laurens at the Fine Arts Associates (April 22-May 17), consisting of twenty-six bronzes and terra cottas, has been a disappointing affair. The bulk of this work was drawn from the last thirty years of his career (he died in 1954), and thus shows us the more academic side of Laurens' achievement. With the exception of one or two works which come late in the Cubist canon, there was nothing in the exhibition to give one a hint of the artist's dazzling *oeuvre* of the earlier years of the century when he shared with Lipchitz the distinction of being among the foremost sculptors of the Cubist style. What we were given was the weighty, leaden evidence of another pioneer of the modern movement who had, in his later years and in the face of his public fame, suffered a failure of nerve. In Laurens' case, this failure took the form of turning out "major" statements in an inflated sculptural rhetoric which aped and parodied the past as well as the work of his contemporaries. It was another case of an artist who turned on the inspiration of his early work in order to create the so-called major works by which posterity would judge him; another attempt to create an art more "permanent" than the "experiments" of his early years. Like many such attempts, it was more an act of will than of inspiration, and it misjudged the distinctions which obtain between the experimental and the permanent in art.

Laurens was born in Paris in 1885. As a student, he was first attracted by Rodin—and, like Lipchitz, although without a comparable success, it was to Rodin that he returned for inspiration in his later work—but he first enters the history of modern sculpture on his own around 1911 when he joined the Cubists. In the years that followed, often experimenting with interesting chromatic and textural effects, Laurens executed sculpture, constructions and bas-reliefs which are among the finest works in the Cubist style. (The painted-wood construction, entitled *Head*, 1918, in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art, is a good example of this period.) In the late 1920's, however, Laurens' work turned a corner, as it were. It began to look more and more like a parody of Picasso's nudes and bathers of 1921-22, and then, in the next two decades, it reached out more and more desperately for the heroic and the grandiose until in the end it was a sad pastiche of outmoded styles.

Writing in 1952, Laurens declared: "We others who derive from the Cubist period are entirely devoted to inquiries, to experiments, to their slow development, and we cannot spend time on their applications." He was speaking specifically of the application of sculpture to architecture, which he regarded as a high possibility for the younger generation, but I think the statement can be taken in a more general context. Laurens apparently regarded his later work as a development of the Cubist syntax which had been perfected in his early work, the late work thus regarded as a realization of a mature style based on earlier "experiments." Yet it seems to be the nature of modern art to spawn only academic parody whenever the so-called experimental is eschewed for "mature" achievements, and this was no less true of Laurens than of others. It was especially the affliction of the lesser Cubist painters, and not even Léger escaped it; his late works are comparable to Laurens' in their inflated rhetoric and willfulness. It reminds us once again that an artist's radical vision is not something like an investment off which he can live, creatively, in his later years; far from being the product of creative retirement, the late flowering of a creative mind—of which there are many legendary examples—comes from a renewal of mind and energy. The later works of Henri Laurens were rarely touched by such a flowering.



Henri Laurens, *LUNA* (1948); at Fine Arts Associates.



Laurens, *SIRENE* (1945).



Mary Cassatt, Portrait de Femme, Oil 23 1/2" x 19"

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MARGARET BREUNING WRITES:

The Bareiss Collection at the Modern . . . New York as the artists saw it . . . the Utrillo . . . the charm of Jean Pillement's Chinoiserie panels . . . a "nothing too much" refinement in the work of Lilian Mackendrick . . .



Jean Pillement, CHINOISERIE PANEL; at Duveen Galleries.

FIFTY items, including paintings, sculpture, drawings, prints and illustrative books, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bareiss, have been placed on exhibition in the Guest House of the Museum of Modern Art. Collections often possess an impersonal air, as though important names alone had governed the selection, but the Bareiss Collection, in some inexplicable way, suggests the perceptive pleasure with which it has been brought together. The exhibition ranges through the nineteenth and twentieth centuries with wide divergences of artistic ideology, yet it forms a harmonious ensemble. It would be impossible to discuss individual exhibits in such an *embarras de richesses*; only a few of its special delectations can be mentioned. It is rewarding to see an early *River Scene* by Corot, carried out before there "were too many dawns at Avray." The Courbet, *Château Bleu*, shows his power to synthesize a majestic landscape in terms that are classic, romantic and realistic. A work from Delaunay's *Notre Dame* series is imbued with a personal touch of association in an effective vocabulary of color, shapes and rhythms. There are four phases of the protean Picasso's *oeuvre* represented. In a striking example of Matisse's Riviera subjects, spatial relationships are subordinated to limpid effects of light and color. Vuillard's vital portrait of his friend, *Thadée Natanson*, is a poignant contribution because of the tragedy that was to overtake the founder and brilliant editor of the *Revue Blanche*. The German Expressionists are represented with a figure painting by Kirchner and prints by Heckel and Mueller, as well as one by the originator of Expressionism, the Norwegian Munch. In the American listing, there is a compelling collage in ivory and white with notes of brown, *Seated Figure*, by Marca-Relli; it is impossible not to go back and absorb it again. Marsden Hartley's touching fisher folk, a handsome design by Jackson Pollack, not dripped, and Feininger's architectural landscape are other outstanding items in this brilliant showing. (Museum of Modern Art, Apr. 23-May 11.)

THE CURRENT exhibition at the Museum of the City of New York, "The Artist in New York," might well be subtitled "The City without Tears," for it delightfully traces the changing aspects of the city as it would be anticipated, the Currier and Ives prints reveal the primitive phases of the city—the little church converted into the Post Office, the City Hall set in a profusion of flowers and verdure. One of the early paintings, *Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn*, with pairs of lively horses and the coachmen gathering up all the reins in his skillful hands, suggests an English coaching scene. The *Varian House* in Brooklyn (about 1879) shows how slowly the country was displaced by the city in this borough, this house farm building of weathered wood, in isolation of fields. It should also be recorded that Blakelock shows the squalid shacks squatters (in 1879). The changing life and appearance of the city attending the influx of immigrants in the last decade of the nineteenth century are symbolized by the budding group of newcomers at Castle Garden, Ellis Island. Their early history is limited with the Lower East Side and especially recorded by Jerome Myers and George Luks artists of the "Ash Can School."

Among the other arresting canvases are Luks's *Blue Devils Marching down Fifth Avenue*, Hopper's nostalgic *Sheridan Theatre*, Henri's *Fifty-seventh Street* (as a residence district veiled under snow), Georgia O'Keefe's view from the Shelton Hotel of a dark and snowy wharves, and Louis Bouché's rendering of the famous *McSorley's Bar*. Although this exhibition is concerned primarily with history rather than art, it includes many truly notable works. (Museum of the City of New York, Apr. 17-May 11.)

NOW on view at the Hammer Galleries is an unusual exhibition featuring the Utrillo family—the painter himself; his mother Suzanne Valadon; and the lesser-known artist, Utrillo's wife, Lucie Valore. The works are from the Utrillo's private collection and have been

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light here by her. Utrillo's absorption with
ding textures and architectural subjects is
known, but in this collection there are a
ber of handsome flower pieces, casually,
fully arranged. Also unusual is a series
landscapes, glimpses of the sea and gentle
uryside, with deep perspectives and admir-
relations of the natural forms in apposite-
of color. Two portraits are also included,
of his wife, a forthright presentment that
als depth of character, and an expansive
rait of a wide-grinning clown in mufti. A
ber of the more familiar subjects—the
lin de la Galette and streets in Montmartre
play in his best works a quality of rich-
combined with great simplicity; it was
of him that he painted views of Paris that
ody had ever stopped to look at before. His
er, Suzanne Valadon, having begun life
circus performer, was thoroughly familiar
s bodily patterns and their articulations,
rding them in drawings and paintings.
ere is usually something hard, almost brutal,
er drawings of nudes, but the pastel of a
ning nude shown here is gracious and
itive. Lucie Valore, Utrillo's wife, quite
rally accepted the artistic milieu about
and shows a personal talent, especially in
raiture; her portrait of her husband is
ement in its rugged emphasis, but her self-
raits and those of her family possess grace
tenderness. Her flower pieces show close
ervation and ability to enclose the subjects
ound designs. (Hammer, May 13-June 7.)

Chinoiserie panels of Jean Pillement,
displayed at the Duveen Galleries, reflect
"manners and morals" of the later eight-
th century in France. After the death of the
nd Monarque, society, throwing off the
osity of court routine, sought greater
dom in smaller apartments and salons, in
ch the inventive French decorators con-
ed the heavy magnificence of Louis XIV's
od into the exquisite refinements of the
is XV style. Heedless of the rising storm so
to overwhelm them, the aristocrats con-
ed their pursuit of pleasure and extrava-
ce into the reign of Louis XVI, the period
these panels. Pillement had traveled widely,
ing an international reputation with the
onage of royalty and nobles. A furor for
ental décor had been long in vogue in
estries and elegant accessories; Pillement
ed upon current designs, translating the
ese motives with such originality and
uinite surety of taste that they became bril-
ent enhancements of interior decoration.
ed either on the ceiling or the wall, they
one an integral part of exquisite ensembles.
ould of course see these panels in the
ual refinement of their setting to appre-
their full effect, but even on today's gal-
walls they have a seductive charm in their
vention and masterly execution. Set on
any reserves against a background of lus-
cade of the mid-18th century, with all the embellishments of
ery garlands, exotic birds and curving
s that echo the taste of the time, the
Chinese figures in soft polychrome tints
nd especially have delightful fantasy. (Duveen, May 1-
nd George Lane 90.)

ing canvases
ing down Fil-
heridan Theo-
(as a resident
Georgia O'Keefe
of a dark room
is Bouché's vi-
Sorley's Bar.
cerned primar-
it includes ma-
m of the City
er Galleries is
uring the Utril-
is mother Suzanne
n artist, Utrillo
s are from Mont-
and have been
Mackendrick, in her present exhibi-
tion, continues to exert a seductive charm
her renderings of interiors, a few figures
still lifes. Many of her scenes recall Vuil-
in their Intimist atmosphere, but are car-
out with crisper definition of forms and
water emphasis on realism. Their fluency
eads across the canvases in a profusion of
ring colors. The still lifes recall Braque,
all the work is original and fully sustained
color pattern, as well as by sound organiza-
e. It is always gratifying to realize that an
et feels pleasure in her work as well as
rding it to her viewers. Miss Mackendrick
an artist of many accomplishments, but
able especially in her knowledge of the
thing too much" refinement of expression,
delicacy that is sustained throughout.
Mackendrick and Adler, May 5-28.)

IN THE GALLERIES

Ten-Block Exhibition: Twelve galleries located on and off Madison Avenue between 64th and 74th Streets have joined forces to make their June group exhibitions a community affair, with joint openings and the common purpose of aiding the Friends of the Whitney Museum by contributing ten per cent of all sales from the exhibition to that organization. Most of the galleries will show works by their regular roster of artists with some guest exhibitors included. An advance survey of most of the exhibitions follows: At the Roko Gallery there are handsome metal sculptures by Blanche Phillips and Herbert Kallem, richly textured serigraphs by Sylvia Wald and large elaborate graphics by Edmund Casarella, a fragile metal bird skeleton by Joseph Messina, paintings by Bernard Rosenquitt, Louis Finkelstein, Bruce Currie and Audrey Flack among others, as well as an unusual collage by Ann Freilich and two ink-and-wash drawings by Robert Andrew Parker. The Martha Jackson Gallery exhibits Norman Carton's *Autumn Fragrance*, in which heavy slabs of bright color are dramatically plastered on bare white canvas, Sam Francis' *Scattered Violet*, with drippings and splashes of watercolor on white paper, a large oil, *Earth Green*, by Lee Krasner, two interesting heads of seamed copper sheets by Louise Kruger, Paul Haller Jones' iridescent yellow and green landscape and a misty gray painting with a strange central configuration by Seymour Boardman, along with paintings by other members of the gallery group.

At the Babcock Gallery there is a small ceremonial piece, *Blessing the Fleet*, by Elias Newman, John Fenton's poetic canvas, *Riders to the Sea*, Herbert Saslow's meticulous and fanciful *Still Life and Prophets*, John Costigan's vigorous and boldly colorful *Sunlight*, Lee Jackson's *Central Park Dancers*, in the manner of Reginald Marsh, but less robust, Marvin Cherney's tender, homely, subtly executed *Woman Reading*, and representative works by Jean Liberté, Sol Wilson, George Ratkai and others. The Peridot Gallery's exhibition includes a rather surprising Rollin Crampton in which a gray shape partially emerges at the center of a painting which is more richly textured and varied in color than his previous work, a typical Leon Hartl flower

piece which is a thing of joy in its radiance of color and delicacy of execution, and an intricate bronze by Peter Grippe, a group of piping satyrs, entitled *Pastoral*, as well as works by Pollack, Pearlstein, Beck, Cicero and Twardowicz.

The Hewitt Gallery's Magic Realist offerings include John McClusky's remarkable *trompe-l'oeil* gouaches of carpenter's tools, John Wilde's *Still Life with Currants* with its fantastic rendering of the translucent berries, Jack French's stippled bathers beside bleak bathhouses, graceful young swimmers by Robert Bliss, and Robert Grilley's arrested-motion paintings which look as if everything had been frozen on the spot as an apparition disturbs the midsummer serenity. Crossing 64th Street to the Zabriskie Gallery, one finds a selection of a very different sort, with abstractions predominating; there is a large painting by Robert Conover, a heavy black lattice through which flashes of color gleam, and one of Pat Adams' unique gouaches which have the effect of small treasures strewn out upon the sand. An energetic display of painting activity fills the canvases of Sideo Fromboluti and also those of Albert Urban, who lays on his splurges of color in an admirably knowing manner. Here too is an intriguing little "movie" made by Byron Goto; one has only to turn the knobs which protrude from a windowed box, and continuous painting unfolds which may be stopped at any point to frame off sections to see how the forms compose in a given space, or it may be run forward or backward at will.

Of the Alan Gallery group, Jack Levine is especially well represented with his large new *Inauguration*, a scene which becomes a performance for the hovering television cameras rather than a dignified ceremony which has any significance for the participants. Charles Oscar exhibits *Titanium Kettle*, a contrivance like a reactor which may shatter the globe at any moment, triggered by the human toe in the lower left; Easton Pribble submits an untimely but pleasant snow scene, while Herbert Katzman contributes a tumultuous *View of New York from Weehawken* across a river in a vicious mood. A painter who has not previously exhibited here is Nathan Oliveira, who does a combination of painting and collage which produces swathed

figures not unlike those of Marca-Relli. *Span of the Sea*, fresh off the easel of Reuben Tam, makes fuller use of primary colors than his previous paintings, and deals mostly with the exchange of reflections between sea and sky. At the Milch Gallery there is a selection of paintings by the regular exhibitors. The other participating galleries, whose exhibitions were not available for preview, are De Nagy, Emmerich, Stuttman and Widdfield. (June 3-27.)—M.S.

African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors: This impressive showing of fifty-six works clearly demonstrates that African sculpture is one of the great plastic traditions of the world. Lent by such well-known collectors as Lee Ault, René d'Harnoncourt, Jacques Lipchitz, Warner Muensterberger, Helena Rubinstein and James Johnson Sweeney, it represents a great variety of tribes and objects, most of them from the West Coast of Africa, which has been the most fruitful area from an artistic point of view. Some of the works are similar to ones shown previously in this museum, while others are in the "rarely seen" category. Among these, the wood sculptures from the Dogon tribe of the French Sudan are outstanding—as is a haunting Bushongo mask, from the Belgian Congo, made of wood, beads and raffia; an exquisite small ivory amulet from the Bapende tribe of the Eastern Congo; two stunning silver animal figures from the Dahomey territory; and a fascinating bronze staff with superimposed figures recalling Luristan bronzes but actually from the Yoruba area of Nigeria. What makes these works so rewarding is their combination of a wonderful plastic feeling with a penetrating intensity of expression. (Museum of Primitive Art, May 28-Oct. 18.)—H.M.

Ceramics by Picasso: Ninety-two plates, jugs, plaques, *ollas*, vases and pitchers, some in human and some in animal figuration, comprise the first representative American exhibition of Picasso's eleven-year involvement with the kiln and the wheel. Whether molded, decorated and glazed by him, or produced in limited quantities from his molds, or interpreted from originals by his mentors, Suzanne and Georges Ramié, at their Valauris studio, they are pleasing, joyous, brilliantly managed and show an extraordinarily facile grasp of the historic imperatives of pottery. Certain black resist designs suggest ancient Greek ware and Santa Clara black-on-black, glazes recapitulate sturdy Spanish majolica, while the large number of unslipped white biscuit, carved or incised

Herbert Katzman, *VIEW OF NEW YORK FROM WEEHAWKEN*; at Alan Gallery.



Dogon Tribe, WOOD STATUE; at Museum of Primitive Art.



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Picasso asserts that his concern is not decorating tableware (none is intended for use), but the very act of painting itself—painting in a more permanent manner, since firing, unlike canvas labor, renders colors completely resistant to change. He would seem, then, to have liberally researched through his many styles the better to preserve their essential qualities—for in black oxides, on a glazed plate, and somewhat less vigorous, are elements of his 1934 *Bullfight*; two jugs in black resist depict scenes from his mirthful series, *The Painter and His Model*; while dinaric figures appear on several pitchers.

He satisfies most in a large two-handled glazed vase whose cylindrical base is ridged like squash skin, supports a smooth bulge of blue, black and white surmounted by a flanging opposed funnel of crackling white through which speckled blues intrude. On the middle section, an oval, like an inserted amulet, confines a prancing Altamira bull, the entire work modern in feel and primitive in look, glowing like some recently unearthed artifact from an inordinately content and vigorous Mediterranean culture. (Cooper Union, Mar. 28-May 10.)—R.W.D.

Portraits in Review: Here is a group of painters who emphasize traditional craftsmanship rather than experimentation or intensity of expression. Many of the pictures are little more than competent commercial art, but others are creative studies of human personality. Outstanding among the latter are a delicate line drawing of Anny Roberts by Jean Tabaud, Hananiah Harari's precise portrait of Winthrop Minot, and Olga Dor-mandi's fresh, charming likeness of Jane Lowenstein. Most original in composition are Colleen Browning's depiction of Edward Cudahy Pellegrini and John Koch's group portrait called *Cocktail Party*. (Portraits, Inc., Apr. 30-May 20.)—H.M.

Alberto Giacometti: The intransitive nature of Giacometti's thin, rigid figures was nowhere more apparent than in his *Nine Standing Figures from Venice*, with its upright, frontal nude figures comprising a group of isolated vertical integers, each with its arms drawn tightly to its sides as if a more open pose would make it vulnerable to space. The figures themselves remain the familiar ones for which the sculptor is known—armatures, nearly, hung with lean flesh, the body tapering down to a pair of large, clumsy feet that become, as it were, a pedestal

for the figure itself. One notes that this closeness to the armature is a characteristic carried over into the paintings, also on view, where the figure in an emptiness of soft gray and brown space occurs as a somewhat transparent body realized by a proliferation of thin black lines about a roughly indicated skeletal structure. The sculpture, however, was the outstanding feature of the exhibition, particularly the two life-size plaster nudes and the *Bust of a Man* (No. 10), one of the more full-bodied of Giacometti's sculptures, and surely one of his most imposing and masterful. (Matisse, May 6-31.)—J.R.M.

Three Artists: The pens and pencil drawings of Schilli Maier read like precise sketches from the drafting table and can be as minutely cross-hatched as an old engraving (rigid obliques of harbor cranes rising in stenciled outlines behind the frozen horizontals of an elevated expressway) or like the schema of one of Sheeler's industrial landscapes. When the curve is employed as a major design element (perspective of vertiginous tree crowns funneling toward the distant sun), his control is looser, but more emotionally refreshing.

The watercolors of Regina Dienes competently waver in their natural derivations from the tightly organized and semi-abstract to the fully open and spontaneously released. She pleases most when her colors are deeply saturated, as in three parallels of branching trees under whose Villon-structurings the tilled earth loosely flows in moist, overlapping spring-greens, browns and whites.

Laughing Jenny of William Christopher is as monumental as his other rampant figures, yet this huge, blue-clad, reclining negress, her open-mouthed head flung back in paroxysm through the canvas's basic gloom, manages yet to seem beautiful and weightless. The other works register the same Surreal and Magical-Real concerns as they minutely detail ponderous psychological and physical corruption; they are as shocking as their intention, and turn the memory toward the limitations of Albright rather than the possibilities of Bosch. (Terrain, Apr. 13-May 18.)—R.W.D.

Brody, Follett, Stout: Each group of drawings in this exhibition comprises a show in itself, presenting, and with remarkable success in each case, a completely different technique as well as esthetic. Lily Brody, a Hungarian artist who has spent most of her professional life in Paris, is concerned with the architecture of varying degrees of darks and lights created by the controlled pressures of her charcoal pencil and by modulated wash tones. One

is always conscious of the paper surface acting as the median space to the receding and advancing lines. Her work, especially the portfolio series, contains the vitality of the sketch and of a seemingly rapid execution, but the *raison d'être* is this balance of perspectives, executed with an unerring classical sense of design.

An exquisite and completely unique vision of the absurd characterizes Jean Follett's productions. Although her work here in the gentle medium of rubbed charcoal does not have the same intensity of impact as her paintings, with their sharp value contrasts of oil, or as her collages, with their ribbons of paint and extraordinary juxtaposition of *objets trouvés*, the same esthetic of shock is operative in these images of whimsical anthropomorphic machines.

Myron Stout's drawings are also engaged in the same esthetic as his paintings, and there is almost no difference in the translation from oil to lead or charcoal. Stout's work is totally dependent on the clarity and exactitude of the initial image. One, two or three forms are placed in completely flat space with a maximum contrast of black and white. Although these Arp-like shapes contain certain extra-pictorial suggestions, the entire validity depends on the spatial divisions—everything here happens in the picture—and on the arresting perfection of their relationships. (Hansa, May 12-31.)—B.B.

Ruth Asawa: The forms that Ruth Asawa's sculptures take are not those which, generally, make demands upon the space that they inhabit. Woven of metallic wires, their rounded, basket-like shapes seem to grow big in space, naturally and inevitably, like fruit or hanging gourds. When, as in this exhibition, she presents a variation (*No. 6*), the sculpture, particularly in motion, develops a rising, quivering quality that has the appearance of a pillar of fire. Though more open and, as it revolves, presenting sudden blossoming shapes and a graceful spiraling linear contour, it too presents the eye with a contained rather than an extended shape. Her work does not contend against space, cutting or thrusting into it with swift gestures: one might say of her sculpture that it blooms into space. (Peridot, Apr. 28-May 24.)—J.R.M.

American Academy: Examples of work by newly elected members are featured in the annual exhibition of the Art Department of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. In the main room the photographs of Edward Stone's architecture,

John Koch, THE COCKTAIL PARTY; at Portraits, Inc.



Ruth Asawa, NO. 6, 1958; at Peridot Gallery.





Landes Lewitin, *THE LATEST*; at Rose Fried Gallery.

unfortunately only seven in number, present a rather startling contrast, in their delicate beauty and purity, to the familiar description of the Kitty Foyle types which populate the paintings of Raphael Soyer and the typically heavy, aggressive abstractions of Abraham Ratner. Although these three artists are probably equal in reputation—on the household-word level—the discrepancy between the quality of the architect's work and the painters' is so forcefully stated by this joint exhibition that it again raises the question of whether this institution should not take a strong stand on creating rather than recognizing reputations, and developing esthetic criteria rather than being so pridefully "catholic in taste." Among the various winners of prizes and awards, this same catholicity of merit is evident. Outstanding in this part of the exhibition are four well-known pieces by Seymour Lipton and new paintings by Herbert Katzman, the latter demonstrating even stronger statements of the sinuous line which is the basis of his composition and further exploration of his brilliant, high-keyed palette. (American Academy, May 22-June 22.)—B.B.

Lewitin, Loew, Vicente, Yunkers: Like obscure hieroglyphs the swaying vertical bands of Lewitin's paintings parade their enigmatic message across the canvas; the literal-minded might decipher a story therein while others could easily content themselves with contemplating the various relationships contained in the unfolding procession. Although he has left Neo-Plasticism behind, Michael Loew still constructs his paintings on a basic vertical-horizontal grid, but his squares are occasionally tilted, frayed at the edges and colored with gaiety and exuberance. Three new paintings by Esteban Vicente continue his direction of the last two years, the delectable paint quality, the nucleus of partially formed blocks of color resounding like clear bell tones against grounds of gray-green and oyster white. In Yunkers' large rich-toned pastels the colors are fused in looming vaporous clouds with films of light over dark recesses—all is shifting, fluctuating and instable, yet magically fixed on canvas. (Fried, May 1-31.)—M.S.

Lower Eastside Independent Artists: Like bad children corrupting the good, worthy accomplishments, when poorly hung, or in unflattering light and placed next to the mediocre, often lose an essential prominence and fade into general confusion—so that this reviewer's choice out of the 229 inclusions in the group's third annual exhibition, may simply result from being attracted by work fictitiously strident or excessively reticent.

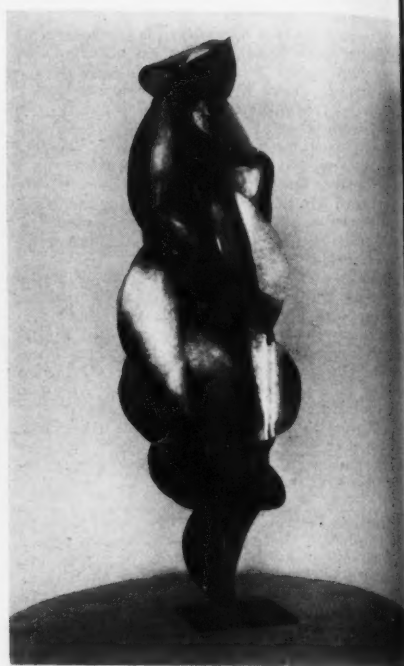
For the paintings then: Vincent Grimaldi's narrow horizontal, *Allegory of Spring*, like multi-hued southern coral viewed through iridescent waters; Gilbert Rachlin's *The Playground*, as crowded with Parisian plesantry as a Breughel peasant frolic; James Burton Martin's *Flux*, a varnished, gritty afterthought on Lascaux inserted internally in a reddish shield; William Gambini blurring white moonlight on a dark, coated background so that it unspecifically becomes a presence rather than an atmosphere; Miles Forst with an oil from his recent Spanish concerns (cf. ARTS, February, 1958); Berenice D'Vorzon's competent gesture, *Whip or Will*, recapitulating a need for ponderous, not aggressive motion; and Chaim Fleischman's *Frozen City*, whose geometries seem swamped by scalding sunlight rather than ice.

The sculpture is an easier and more certain matter: Nat Werner's *Marseillaise*, doweling together a winglike fluttering of rough, contradictory planks like a flapping bird caught by a slow shutter; and the thin wooden totem of Sidney Geist's electric-blue *Seaweed* (the kind you squeeze to get water) with nailheads marking the vacuoles.

The range of media and styles is enormous, mainly manipulated in reflections of the current great and, at one point, coming close to religious art of the *quattrocento*. (St. Marks in the Bowverie, Apr. 27-May 18.)—R.W.D.

Soutine and His Friends: The Soutines to be included in this exhibition were not available at the time of review—which is probably just as well for the friends, who would not fare well in the comparison. These painters, most of them Russian-born like Soutine, are all Expressionists and, with the exception of Jawlensky, are distinguished neither in reputation nor achievement. Passages from Soutine may be spotted here and there, in searing red gladiola blossoms by J. Chapiro, or in the flesh tones of Weingart's *Nude with Towel*, but generally the work is less imitative than it is kindred in spirit. The artists are motivated by a common preoccupation with investing their subjects, animate and inanimate, with moods of crisis and anxiety, and they paint with an undisguised impetuosity and vigor intended to reflect a turbulent world. The names of the artists represented are Kremegne, Blond, Kikone, Mintchine, Gotlib, as well as those already mentioned and others whose work had yet to arrive. (Hirschl and Adler, June 2-30.)—M.S.

Fairfield Porter: This fifth New York exhibition is full of tiny puzzles: a softly sketched, mordantly hued, massy Long Island landscape (like a Vuillard interior without the roof), on whose thinly



Raymond Rocklin, *LA LUNA*; at Schaefer.

worked olive hills appear several dappled patches of indecipherably glowing orange; a late-Victorian bedroom, equally murky, equally diffuse in its powdery detail, containing a sharply defined telephone singularly moist in its color; the awkward bend of a sitter's wrist, snapped almost in two over a chair; the raised leg of another, who is either falling or floating from the couch; or the luminous exactness of an otherwise unimportant detail—pearls around the neck of a woman seated at the far end of an intricately worked India-prim bedspread. The effect is as if Mr. Porter were making specific, private, perhaps contemporary comments on the surfaces of his conventionally conceived, Impressionistic canvases. Or perhaps his thoughts were elsewhere, for his paper-thin brush often does not completely cover his studies, stopping a good distance above the base as if he were in a hurry to begin afresh in an attempt to be more exact. (De Nagy, Apr. 29-May 29.)—R.W.D.

English and American Sculpture: In an impressive showing of work in various media, one noted the crude, vigorous facture of British sculpture Clatworthy and Paolozzi, the urge for concise, clean forms in American sculptors Nivola, Rocklin, Geist and Shertzer. Clatworthy's *Bull*, one of the outstanding pieces of the exhibition, a powerfully massed and scarred figure in bronze, seemed a perfect complement of style and subject. In combination of chunky, rectangular forms and molten running passages fixed the ambivalence between ponderous bulk and dangerous movement that the stance of the bull itself stated—one hoof raised and head lowered in the possibility of charge. Paolozzi's *Maquette for St. Sebastian*, though a work on a much smaller scale, maintained a similar crudity of form in service of a different vision: the figure standing upright, a tower of bones from which the flesh has melted away under a corrosive or corrupting force. The American sculptors, as a group, represented a much more ordered experience, a range of precise forms imposed upon the material rather than drawn from it: Nivola's neatly faceted *Sand Sculpture*, with its compact, interlocking shapes; Shertzer's sleekly authoritative *Easter Wings*; Geist's slim assemblage of wooden forms painted in various grays, *Stones and Bones*; and Rocklin's cluster of rising, rounded leaflike shapes, *La Luna*—among the more outstanding works on view. (Bertha Schaefer, Apr. 14-May 3.)—J.R.M.

Prints and Drawings: The end of the season often means a pleasant opportunity to see some of the smaller works which galleries have not been able to hang when they were occupied with one

IN THE GALLERIES

and direct rendering, so that the innovations are not fully assimilated into her paintings. Expression here is not equated with vigorous brushing, but with the quality of the line, especially with the sinuous and contorted outlines of the figures, and with color which is raw and crude and impulsively used. The paintings are unusual in both strength and acuteness, and it is unfortunate that a maturation of her obvious talents was not forthcoming. (Pietrantonio, June 16-30.)—M.S.

Japanese Reflections: One of the most interesting developments of the contemporary art scene has been the emergence of a Japanese-American school of painters in New York. Some of these artists are Japanese citizens who are in this country as visitors, others are native Japanese who have made their home here, and still others are Americans of Japanese ancestry. Though all of these artists have been shown separately before, this is the first time that a group of these men have appeared together, enabling us to see them as a distinct school. The most Oriental is the visiting painter Genichiro Inokuma, whose beautifully serene picture entitled *Calm* is altogether Japanese both in its subdued and limited colors and in its pattern of squares resembling traditional kimono designs. Kenzo Okada, who is represented by one of his finest works, is also very Japanese in his sensitive use of shapes and colors, but the boldness of the design and the two-dimensional space are closer to Mark Rothko and the School of New York than to the Japanese tradition. Even more Western, although strongly influenced by Okada, are the young Japanese-born American painters Yataka Ohashi and James Suzuki. Ohashi's *Liste No. 2*, painted in black, gray and white with a little gold, is sensitive and elegant but lacks some of the strength of the older artists, while Suzuki's *Mirage II* is rich and warm in feeling, and very beautiful in its use of large spots of intense green suggesting the verdure of spring. The work of the two American-born painters is less satisfactory, suggesting that it is some peculiar quality of the Japanese sensibility which gives these artists their uniqueness. Of the two, Tadashi Sato is the more gifted, but his rather weak work is disappointing with its monotonous color and uninteresting composition. Coming from Hawaii, Sato may still participate to some extent in the Japanese heritage, while the Los Angeles-born George Terasaki seems to lack the sensitivity which marks the work of the others. His geometric abstraction seems hard and dry, and is more akin to the lesser followers of the Bauhaus than to the subtle and elusive art of Japan. Also included is a painting by the Japanese artist Teiji Takai (unfortunately not available at time of review) and a splendid collection of Japanese woodblocks by such masters as Harunobu, Utamaro, Sharaku, Hokusai and Hiroshige. (Graham, June 16-June 31.)—H.M.

Sketches from a Surgery Bed: Representing something of a reinstatement of the figurative in the work of this exponent of "four-way" painting, these small crayon landscapes were executed during a recent convalescence. With their vague forms, their vigorous and blunt apprehension of forests and hills, Mr. Woodman's sketches surrender to the sense of the land without yielding their abstract intentions. (Adam-Ahab, June 17-30.)—J.R.M.

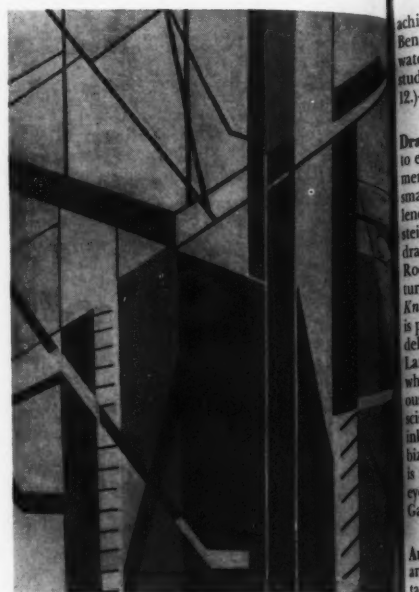
Norman Rubington: The stages through which Rubington's painting has passed in the last four or five years may be discerned without difficulty in this selection from the work of a painter who has lived in France and Italy most of the time since 1947 and who has just been awarded a Guggenheim fellowship. The earlier works are large grayish canvases on which the artist has drawn more than painted bristling figures and horses in dynamic clashes, scenes of battle such as *Rebellion* and *Victory in the Night*. More recently he has painted expansive views of cities with casually blocked-in areas of color and filmy white veils of light. The newest paintings from France include one of Notre Dame, frosted all over like a wedding cake, some spare still lifes à la Buffet and several mournful figures. *Red Poem of the East Side*, a cityscape, is one of the more satisfactory canvases with its red and black building façades, crested with white beneath a heavy purple-gray sky. (Washington Irving, May 26-June 14.)—M.S.

Paul Klee: "Matter and dream at the same time, and the third element, my Ego all interwoven," was Klee's comment upon Tunis on the occasion of his visit there with August Macke in 1914. The description is as remarkably apt for the world of his art as for the North African visit that is credited with being one of the important events in his career. Klee's world—as seen in this exhibition of watercolors and drawings, admirably arranged by J. B. Neumann—encompassed those three realms. He gives us an acute analysis of the real world—not just the human, but the world of animals, plants, insects as well—fused somehow into the state of dream and fantasy under the guidance of a unique personality. The exhibition, covering work from 1910 until his death in 1940, presents the range of his accomplishment from his formal authority and mysterious, luminous color (*Light-Dark Study*, 1921) to his sly, persuasive humor (*Nasty Music*, 1932). One notes the perfection of his 1933 pencil drawing, *Good Advice Needed*, its hairy, fuzzy human figures clumped together in an indistinct vegetal mass, and feels no difficulty in recognizing him as one of the most individual and perceptive artists of our time. (World House, Apr. 22-May 17.)—J.R.M.

Ruth Gikow: Fifteen finished, softly lit canvases record the random absurdities of teen-agers, glamorous women, cyclists, etc. (the catalogue titles this exhibition "It's a Barnum and Bailey World") through the broad, exaggerated gesture and certain stipulations of caricature. When the subject is close to the skin (the cozening intimacy of *The Art Patroness*, enthroned in a gold chair pouring tea for an esthetic young man and a politely bearded artist), the point is more than temporary. (Rehn, May 12-June 7.)—R.W.D.

Master Drawings of Five Centuries: This fourth annual exhibition of master drawings brings together a wealth of material which ranges all the way from a powerful St. Christopher by the German Renaissance master Hans Burgkmair to a lovely wash drawing of a dancer by the young American artist Ted Jacobs. The most brilliant are those from the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries, especially of the French and the Italian schools. Of the earlier works, the most outstanding are the illusionistic design for a ceiling in a palace in Genoa, a dramatic wash by a French artist of two angels comforting a thirsty man, and a small but expressive Van Ostade of a drunken peasant. The eighteenth-century group is so extensive that it is difficult to choose among the many fine works, but the large Hubert Robert landscape is remarkable in its feeling of atmosphere and space. The most stunning is certainly the abstract figure drawing by Romney, and there is an impressive if tiny

Charles Joseph Natoire, HEAD OF A GIRL;
at Este Gallery.



Ralston Crawford, CONSTRUCTION-STEEL;
at Downtown Gallery.

landscape by Pillement, and an elegant Natoire head of a girl. The nineteenth century is less well represented, but the modern works are numerous and of good quality. Among them are the delightful line drawings of the young Austrian artist Paul Flora, who combines elements of Steinberg and Klee with a rich imagination of his own, and a 1953 Picasso which reinforces the impression that his recent work has declined. (Este, May 12-June 30.)—H.M.

Portrait of a Building: Ten painters were commissioned to do paintings for the newly completed office building at 100 Church Street in downtown Manhattan with the sole stipulation that the paintings be related thematically to some aspect of the building. The resulting canvases will be shown in various parts of the country after the New York exhibition and will eventually adorn the building itself. For Carroll Cloar the building is but a flash of dazzling newness glimpsed beyond the quiet trees and iron rails of St. Paul's graveyard, while for Ralston Crawford it is bare sinews in a structural design and for George L. K. Morris a vortex of steel, glass and tile which sends one hurtling upward in an express elevator. Prestipino naturally turns his attention to the workers on the job, while Julian Levi looks away from the building to the view it commands of the Hudson River traffic and George Grammer paints it at the point when it disappears in darkness to emerge again as spots and bands of light. The other painters have concerned themselves with the activities of the building's tenants. Millman's painting derives from photo-micrographs of cortisone and Delta crystals, pertaining to the chemical research of Merck and Co., and Lewandowski's rendering of a hydroelectric turbine relates to the work of Allis Chalmers Co. Jimmy Ernst and Karl Zerbe contribute abstractions based on the communication facilities of New York Tel. & Tel. and a power station belonging to Ebasco International Corp., respectively. Springing from a desire for more than just a decorative wall covering, the project is a commendable one, and successful in large part because of the variety of artists commissioned. (Downtown, June 9-27.)—M.S.

Four Poets in Paint: Four different approaches to visual excitement find their expression in this exhibition of paintings in various media. Sally Parson's *Near Third Avenue, Winter*, is a vaguely representational composition in close-value whites and grays. Lloyd Eters contributes a variety of decorative but vigorous landscapes in brilliant pinks, blues, whites and reds. Lawrence Woodman's free-for-all abstractions on blueprint paper

achieve a number of distinct effects, and Charles Bennett shows fresh and sparkling landscapes in watercolor as well as some nicely modeled crayon studies of the figure. (Adam-Ahab, May 1-June 12.)—J.R.M.

Drawings and Collage Exhibition: Invitations to exhibit drawings and collages issued by gallery members have brought in a diverse collection of small works by some sixty artists. For sheer excellence of draftsmanship one must cite Philip Pearlstein's fine drawing of rocks; there are also good drawings in a lighter vein by Mary Frank and Rocco Armento, the latter bordering on caricature in tracing the profile of a portly gentleman. *Knights in Barcelona*, a collage by Edith Schloss, is pink and gold with foreign seals and wrappings delicately affixed; another collage, by Bernard Langlais, is an elegant piece in shades of tan and white within an oval frame, and there are numerous other ingenious improvisations made with scissors and paste and sweepings. Dick Ireland's ink and wash, *Queen of the New Cockayne*, is a bizarre and amusing, and Maria Stranska's *Gitana* is a provocative watercolor of a dark-maned, slit-eyed head which is repeated marginally. (March Gallery, May 16-June 16.)—M.S.

Andrew Stasik: These subtle, muted lithographs are composed of an airy, geometrically filled rectangular intrusion on an open sand- or ivory-colored ground. Or of a single, indecipherable major form containing oddments of Matisse verticals and Gorky curves delicately balanced in awkwardness before a fawn atmosphere holding, as if by accident, the tumbling of tiny, motion-filled, pale-violet squares. Or, more recently—and with an eye on collage—they become as dense as tapestry when an orange Rothko rectangle surmounts various random calligraphic notes in a full range of pastels and is held at its base by thin parallel overlays like an intuited still life before a window. Poetically ambiguous as this first appearance is (Mr. Stasik also designs for the theater and works at canvas and mosaic), it seems all in an Eastern mood and is nowhere so specific as when the jaunty outline of a cocoa table sags like a Shinto gate before suspensions of circling lantern shapes. (Avant-Garde, June 3-28.)—R.W.D.

Gigi Ford and Gertrude Shibley: In a dual exhibition of oils, Gigi Ford demonstrates a command of color and of free, lively form that finds its best expression in her two nude studies, *Bathers* and *Arabesque*. In the latter, the large simplified shapes of the figures in tart greenish browns are placed against a bold orange ground with the kind of verve that recalls Matisse. When her style ventures into the more abstract, however, the work seems more uncertain and experimental. Gertrude Shibley develops a pointillist technique that is consistently admirable in its use of color, particularly in *Three Musicians*, with its high-key yellows and oranges, its touches of rose and purple. Unfortunately the forms that she discovers in the shimmer of paint are so rounded and stylized they fail to sustain the excitement of the color. (Panoras, June 30-July 15.)—J.R.M.

Creston, Feldman, Konzal: William Creston places large blocks of color within and next to one another, a slab of white within a green rectangle against a black ground, all with faintly ragged and wavering edges, strident in their asymmetry and dependent on elaborate textures to relieve the starkness of shapes. Joseph Feldman slashes at his canvases with a wide brush, streaking the color on in irregular patches which set up a swirling motion across the canvas; there are as yet no earmarks of a personal style. Joseph Konzal's black-and-white drawings appear to have been cut apart and shuffled before being pasted together again so that they are tantalizingly out of kilter, while his sculptures are very orderly in their rise from plateau to plateau in small, compact pieces which suggest simultaneously figures and dwellings. (Brata, May 30-June 19.)—M.S.

Fang Chao-Ling: The first American showing of this well-known Chinese woman painter reveals an artist who combines modern feeling with traditional technique. If her brushwork is that of

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IN THE GALLERIES

the older Chinese masters, her direct observation of nature is more akin to the Western approach. Birds and flowers and bamboo, some in color and some in Chinese ink, are painted in a skillful but highly mannered style, showing an artist who, though decorative, falls short of the high inspiration which the Chinese critics have always valued most. (Kennedy, May 7-31.)—H.M.

Lora Civkin: The best of these oils develop subtle, cloudlike forms and fluctuating depths of very beautiful color. Sunbursts of creamy yellows, and yellow-greens with sudden accents of purple, rise and recede from the paintings' surface. In her best work, *Lavender*, floating strokes of purple and magenta, clouding together, create an intensity of mood to which one's immediate association is the heavy scent of lilacs after spring rain. (Panoras, June 16-28.)—J.R.M.

Willard Bond: A sense of expansion on a huge scale is achieved in Bond's landscapes through calculated placement and exaggeration of relative sizes. *Sand Fence* is bright yellow and blue with a billowing violet shadow or cloud dwarfing the beach and giving the sky a canopied grandeur. *Trees, Idaho*, is an arrangement of splinter-thin lines running in many directions, drawing one into a maelstrom of falling trees in which crashing sounds are almost approximated by the colors. The compelling quality of the space is the most striking feature of these paintings; their crisp execution and the exactness of the color are additional assets. (Pyramid, Apr. 25-July 1.)—M.S.

Katherine Barieau: Commendably and dexterously, this New York debut evidences a refined, learned and full-scaled interpretive researching into the work of certain significant abstractionists—Ferren, De Kooning and Vicente being most prominent. The concern is with nature, growth and motion, displayed most often in a continuous, almost distinctive black line flickering through the aforementioned derivative associations. If we do not yet come to Miss Barieau (well known to West Coast viewers) it is not because she is incapable of personal statement. Far from it. Simply, she is after the mastery of the feelings of others, before giving vent to her own. Homage of this restrained sort is rare and reminds one of Gorky's reticence and reverence. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, June 2-21.)—R.W.D.

Three-Man Show: Although this exhibition of paintings tends to be rather uneven, there are a number of rewarding works. Edward Webster's primitive, painstakingly detailed landscapes represent the most sustained group of works on view. His *Autumn in the Adirondacks* is a finely organized composition in flaming oranges and yellows. Morris Kronfeld's oils, covering a variety of styles, have at times a particular charm, as in *The Bathers*. The variations in style, however, tend to have the look of improvisations rather than firmly controlled techniques. Christianne Oliveda's softly toned landscapes and still lifes have a persistent gentleness, the strokes of pale color laid next to each other in a style which has a good deal of authority. Her best painting, *Geraniums*, in gray-greens, pinks, blues and beiges, is a gift proffered in tenderness and with quiet assurance. (Brooklyn Arts, May 11-31.)—J.R.M.

Howard Willard: This energetic New York debut of work in many media (crayon, watercolor, oil or tin or canvas, etc.) recalls two decades of travel in Mexico, China and the American Southwest and is most persistently successful in its collages. Internally framed by folded cigar leaves, a barn with a real tin roof and sidings of homespun solidly perches on a hill of paper flowers like memorabilia pressed between the pages of a family Bible, while scraps of crumbling Chinese cloth, quilted together, provide a textured base for the brushed characters of peace and prosperity. (Mills College, May 13-June 13.)—R.W.D.

Selma Burke: Scholarly competence in several sculptural modes, rather than assured individuality in one, marks this second N. Y. appearance of work in wood and stone of the last six years. Miss Burke's figures are basically classical in conception (there is a small torso immediately recall-



Robert Keyser, TRIBUTARY; at the Parma Gallery.

ing Polykleitos) and seem to lose a directional vigor and a distinctive refinement when unfinished surfaces or exaggerated postures seek to express powerful emotions. Nonetheless, the small, jagged marble from which, scarcely delineated, a family group ambiguously attempts to disengage itself, succeeds quite well—somewhat like a primitive recapitulation of Michelangelo's *The Prisoners*. (Avant-Garde, June 10-28.)—R.W.D.

Robert Keyser: The sense of design, of bold color and broad, ragged shapes, is almost unflinching in this series of collages constructed from torn pieces of colored paper. Although the work is consistently abstract, the human figure, disguised as an abstract shape, occurs in a number of the collages devoted to mythological themes. In *The Seventh Labor of Hercules* or in *Icarus*, one recognizes the human element only upon close inspection, and it is some indication of Keyser's success that the figures, with all of their associations, should be incorporated so unobtrusively into these abstract adventures. (Parma, Apr. 28-June 7.)—J.R.M.

Pre-Columbian Art: One of the most unusual pieces in this varied selection of Pre-Columbian objects is a Mayan group, modeled in clay, in which a priest is perched on a scaffold-like structure while a kneeling figure on the steps presents an offering of a human head. The limbs are crudely fashioned, but the features are finely delineated—it is a small, fragile work in an amazingly good state of preservation. There are also some interesting Tarascan pieces, a Jalisco warrior and his wife, bulky, stubby-armed figures, a Nayarit standing woman and a Colima pregnant woman. From Peru there are several Chan Chan shrine figures and a Chimú silver vessel and silver and wooden mummy masks. (D'Arcy, May 5-June 15.)—M.S.

Stanley Murphy: A year-round resident of West Tisbury, Massachusetts, Murphy will especially intrigue the Vineyard addict for his sharp penetration of locales and types. The *Officers of the West Tisbury Volunteer Fire Department* are provincial and determined, like a self-portrait of the artist. Murphy's more successful works are of a different kind: *Gay Head '57* and *Menemsha Creek '57* are less frozen and glittery, more imbued with the moodiness of the Island off-season. (James Graham, May 20-June 14.)—C.B.

Emile Sabouraud: The term "well made," often applied to French plays, is no less appropriate when applied to the still lifes and summery landscapes of the French painter

Sabouraud. Confronted with a vase of flowers (*Les Oeillets Roses, Les Anémones*) or the human figure (*Nu Romantique*), his brush takes on a noticeable authority, and his sense of color—though not so flamboyant as the Fauvist style which his work recalls—is brilliant in its effects. It is only when he turns to more imaginary subjects—small notational figures wandering or rummaging about in bleak, gray landscapes (*Les Déserts de l'Amour*)—that the work seems constricted, thin, both as painting and as poetic image. (Contemporaries, Apr. 29-May 17.)—J.R.M.

Stuart Davis: Admirers of Stuart Davis will be surprised by this show. Dating from 1917, when the artist was only twenty-three years old, these watercolors and drawings show little obvious connection with the abstractions of his mature style. The *Bar Scene*, executed in ink wash, points to his activity as an illustrator, and the carefully worked out drawings of Provincetown streets reflect his academic training. The most rewarding of the exhibits are the watercolors which with their structure and fluid handling of tone remind one of the early work of Demuth. (Delacorte, May 17-June 7.)—H.M.

New Talent Group I: Fred Garbers' two abstractions in oil, *Samurai* and *The Wizard*, with their earthy color, their exuberant, rhythmic forms, represent the most sustained work in this group of paintings and collages by artists from the New York area, many of whom are showing for the first time. Other notable works are Sam Middleton's finely handled, dense collage in purples, browns and blacks; Kiichi Usui's oil, *The Fountain*, with its light, airy bursts of pastel color; and Louis Spindler's summery abstraction in pinks, white and pale oranges. Thelma Addison contributes a solidly structured abstraction in *On the Beach*, and Stephan Antonakas, two collages in cloth, which, though somewhat unusual for their manner of construction, are much more interesting for their sense of variety and design. (Artists, May 17-June 5.)—J.R.M.

Carlos Serpas and Cesar Zazueta: The pen of American-born Carlos Serpas was educated in Mexico and traces, very often with a continuous line, a jagged, incisive invective against a world menaced by real disasters or the fictitious terrors of Boschère. A lean horse of Guadalajara drags the stretched anatomy of its rider out of whose neck muscles flies, like the very extension of his nerves, a menacing bird, while two figures in the upper right contend over a knife.

Cesar Zazueta, a professor of sculpture at the Escuela de Belas Artes, Guadalajara, works most often on the vertical with a single core of wood whose curves suggest heads or the various bifurcations of the torso, and at one point constructs a mechanical polo player of color in wood. (White, May 20-June 7.)—R.W.D.

Annual Invitation Show: The James Gallery's Second Annual Invitational show is a large exhibition of paintings by New York School artists and guests. Although the level of quality is generally high, there are several paintings which struck the reviewer as outstanding—Hyde Solomon's *Portrait of Henry Niese*, in which the small sure touches of color are treated as forms themselves, creating a finely structured surface, while describing a head in depth; and Diebenkorn's *Driveway*, which is strident in color and traversed by converging diagonals and suggests a noonday lull in which some latent horror lurks. Other works which stand out are Heliker's feather-stroked tree, James Gahagan's collage of newspaper scraps dotted with cool green daubs of paint, Margaret Bartlett's charcoal drawing, Nicholas Krushchick's coin dots of red set into glossy blue, and Norwood Patton's rhythmic treatment of waves and rocks in rolling lines and blue-gray colors in a style which has affinities with a Dove-Hartley-Marin tradition. (James, May 16-June 5.)—M.S.

Dusti Bongé: The blunt, square forms of these abstractions have considerable visual impact, and the broad, swift strokes of paint reinforce the same impression. In the most convincing of the paintings, *Breaking Through*, the double rectangular shapes in bluish white suddenly ignite

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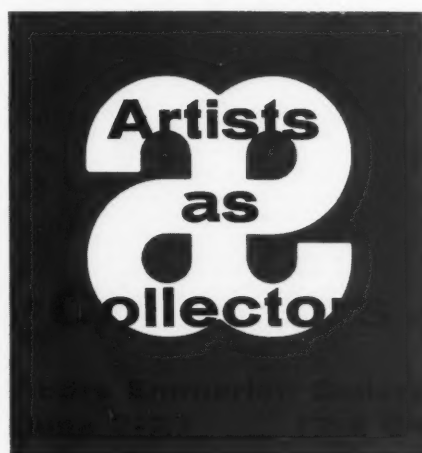
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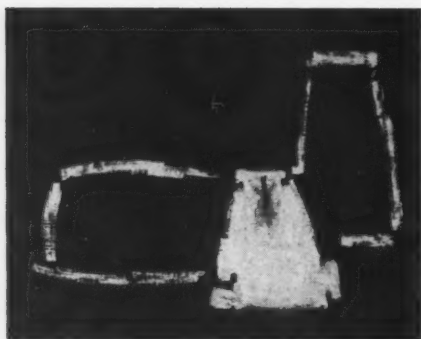
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into flame yellows and oranges, conveying a momentary burst of energy. The difficulty of the painting, as in *Number One*, with its white rectangular form floating in black space, is that after the initial impact has worn off, the elements that have produced the effect—the forms, the painting itself—seem rather thin and insubstantial, a little like the smoke that lingers on after the rocket has burst. (Parsons, Apr. 21-May 10.)—J.R.M.

Chinese Calligraphy and Modern Calligraphic Painting: This show gives an interesting demonstration of the influence which Oriental calligraphy has had upon a certain kind of abstract painting. Examples of various traditional types of calligraphy, such as the writing of the Shang oracle bones (about 1000 B.C.) and the Han period grass style, are exhibited along with calligraphic paintings by modern Chinese-American artists. The contemporary painters using calligraphic elements are the Chinese-born but American-educated Bing Gee and Gary Woo, as well as the California-born Dale Joe, all of whom successfully combine calligraphy with abstraction. (Mi Chou, May 27-June 21.)—H.M.

Keith Finch: Painting in thin glazes of predominantly brown and golden tones over white-grounded masonite, Finch breaks his figures and landscapes into small irregular shapes which adhere loosely, but sufficiently to allow larger forms to emerge. A softly glowing illumination mellows the shapes and dispels the immediate sense of time and place. Two smaller paintings are particularly well realized, *Seated Woman*, with its distant-gazing figure in flowing robes, seated among rocks or ruins, and *Landscape, No. 11*, in which elongated touches of paint rise liltily upward in successive stages to a culminating peak. (Seligmann, May 5-17.)—M.S.

Earle Olsen: As through a haze these landscapes come across to the viewer, gauzy and indistinct in their forms, hovering between abstraction and a blurred account of some visual scene. The boles of trees rise upward in the midst of hulking brown rocks, or, across a shimmering stretch of water, green trees billow up to a sky of soft blue. The ease and gracefulness of Olsen's forms, the soft modulations of his color present a mild summer world that finds its best expression in his *View near Princeton* and *The Bank*. (Borgenicht, May 13-30.)—J.R.M.

Three Women Painters: Each of these artists has a distinct style, no one of which particularly enhances the others. The most accomplished of the three is Aurelia Brown, who shows a group of landscapes, some in black and white and others in a watercolor style resembling that of John Marin. The most original is Cam, who renders figures (and still lifes) in vivid blue and green, the finest of which is a charming painting of a girl lying on the floor reading a book. Less convincing is Billy Mann, who shows gnarled, rather melodramatic trees and flashily superficial portraits. (Arts, June 6-16.)—H.M.

Meade Collection of Japanese Prints: The sale of so fine a collection should be exciting news for the many people interested in Japanese woodcuts. The quality is uneven—which is not surprising in a group containing nearly two thousand works—but there are many first-rate things, such as rare triptychs and pillar prints in fine condition, as well as woodblocks by Harunobu and Utamaro, and numerous later, less rare works by artists like Hiroshige and Toyokuni. (Comerford, June 2-20.)—H.M.

Tom Clancy: In a second one-man show, the artist exhibits vigorous abstractions which at their best, as in *Picnic*, are controlled by a strong structural sense. More often, however, the painting, as in *Prayer in a Tall City*, disintegrates into splotches and drips, into a welter of special textural effects. (Contemporary Arts, May 19-June 6.)—J.R.M.

S. B. Hoffman: With grease crayon and watercolors, a self-taught octogenarian from Pennsylvania produces pale, neat landscapes of his first adventures in art. He is closer to Pickett than

Moses and merrily personal in *Duck Pond*, whose centered, vertical ripples meet curves of roads, calm hills, and a jelly-roll sun shuttered by fluttering preens from Chagall birds in convoluted flight. (Morris, May 12-24.)—R.W.D.

Annette Bartle: This initial New York appearance overlays static backgrounds of Synchronic curves or Cubist obliques with specifically observed landscape material—*Carnival in Bahia*, containing colorful Dufyesque revelers harlequining the streets; *Seascape with Birds*, lightly brushed Sumi rocks and gulls; and *Jungle Afternoon*, native huts and foliage dissolving into freely brushed Tachist areas in the foreground. (Midtown, May 13-31.)—R.W.D.

Dord Fitz School of Art: With the exception of a few desert vistas and one large cowboy picture, the interests of this student group from Amarillo attach to the current international art scene rather than to any local issues. The vitality and the individuality of this large group of paintings are a tribute to their well-known professor, Mr. Fitz. (Burr, May 25-June 7.)—B.B.

Ted Hazeltine: Little boxes, black like coffins, are lined with velvet or bits of broken mirror and contain almost nothing except the lid of a tin can or a cork or a red rubber ball. Some of the boxes are partitioned into rows of unoccupied chambers like cell blocks which one can populate at will. It is not difficult to guess that the artist studied with Louise Nevelson, although he successfully avoids creating forms in favor of presenting ideas in the guise of ready-mades. (Wittenborn, May 19-31.)—M.S.

Henry Newman: Relief constructions fashioned from metal scraps and an assortment of hinges, bolts and springs attached to spatter-textured boards present whimsically contrived knights in armor and other heavily encrusted configurations ingeniously manufactured. (Pietrantonio, June 1-15.) . . . **Fritz Scherff:** Skillful manipulation of an ink-laden brush, blotted washes and controlled dripping yield some interesting effects which are reminiscent of marbled paper, although the gnarled and knotted lines are interwoven with a greater variety than is required of a merely decorative surface treatment. (Wittenborn, June 1-14.)—M.S.

Andres Curuchich: A Guatemalan primitive paints scenes from the life of a Mayan village—distinctly of interest ethnologically, but hardly rewarding as art. (St. Etienne, June 3-24.) . . .

John F. Clarke: His amateur landscapes on the whole lack both skill and originality. (Kotler, July 14-26.) . . . **Sara Mamula:** This group of watercolors showing woodland and street scenes is painted in a loose, rather blurred style that is waiting for a firmer sense of structure. (Kotler, June 16-July 5.) . . . **Karl May:** The work of this Austrian-born Canadian artist shows a kinship to the Brücke group, but the kinship lies in technique rather than in power of expression. (De Aenlle, May 19-June 7.) . . . **Fred Boswell:** These abstractions are strong in color and design, especially in the mysterious *Lost City*, but they suffer from a kind of incompleteness. (Arts, June 4-14.)—H.M.

Chester Cingolani: The portraits in pastel, particularly the *Self-Portrait*, firmly modeled and intense in its color, formed the most interesting work in this showing that included oils and watercolors as well. (Little Studio, Apr. 17-30.) . . .

Eleanor Barry Lowman: When they were not merely expressions of an ability for decorative effects, these oils—particularly some handsome still lifes of flowers—displayed a fine sense of structure and a bold use of paint. (Sagittarius, Apr. 22-May 3.) . . . **Samuel Menache:** Free and easy watercolors and drawings of Mexican scenes by a painter who studied under Diego Rivera. (Crespi, May 26-June 10.) . . . **Evelyn Brackett:** Acrobats, lovers and large-eyed children formed the subject matter of most of these very tasteful oils and wash drawings. (A.C.A., Apr. 28-May 10.) . . . **Jean Tabaud:** Drawings and paintings in a variety of styles from abstract to representational, the best of which was

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his oil, *Les Oliviers*, in ruddy oranges and silvery gray-greens. (Boissevain, Apr. 25-May 16.) . . . **Zvi Gali**: In honor of the tenth anniversary of the state of Israel, a representative exhibition by an Israeli artist that includes vigorous and earthy oils and a number of fine ceramic pieces. (Jewish Museum, Apr. 27-June 30.) . . . **Don Turano**: Expressionistic in their style, these sculptures display a very distinct concern for the particular material involved, whether stone, wood or metal. (Petite, June 2-14.) . . . **Otilia Curtis and Frances Rowan**: Both of these artists present very uneven work: the former, in *Shells*, having difficulty in realizing a difficult form, sloughs off into an easy impressionism; the latter, though able to present an interesting form in terms of drawing, seems unable to shape it by means of color. (Panoras, June 2-14.) —J.R.M.

LETTERS continued from page 7

The absence of professional procedures and personnel has so debilitated the chapter that no self-respecting artist could long abide this humiliation. Our leadership has been almost quixotic in its disregard for ethical practices, so that today the voting strength rests with those members who have neither the professional training nor the ability to pass the jury of our major shows. Three years ago, in discussing these problems at one of our meetings, I made the suggestion that in order to raise the standards of our chapter, we disqualify as members those individuals who are unable to make a juried show once in three years. The suggestion fell on deaf ears. These people were in Equity to stay, and they were not going to work for the privilege: it was already too late!

I must assume that on the basis of your criticism of the showing made by A.E. members in the Madison Square Garden show, there must be other chapters of this organization beset with the same dilemma.

Walter Froelich
Seattle, Washington

DONATELLO continued from page 43

pretation would have to draw on this same body of anecdotes; and here we still lack a perfect technique for disentangling the individual from the typical. Such a technique can be evolved, the author believes (and partly demonstrates in the above samples), but not in isolation for a Donatello *vita*. "We should have to know much more," he writes in the Introduction, "about the whole web of legendary material that began to cluster around the personalities of famous artists since the time of Giotto. Only then would we have a basis for distinguishing genuine biographical details from aesthetic-didactic *exempla* masquerading as such."

In thus avoiding the biographer's role, Professor Janson is not passing the buck. Having worked for some years on the subject of artists' anecdotes, he is rather preparing an intelligent demand for a forthcoming book. He demonstrates what in the history of painting is known as the "marginal theory"—the peripheral in the present work promising to become central in the next.

BOOKS continued from page 45

Baptist, and may very well have seen the Daumier show of 1878. A few pages might have been devoted to the rediscovery of Daumier by twentieth-century sculptors, and his closeness to modern Expressionists, especially Barlach.

Gobin is, however, excellent in making available nineteenth-century literary sources, such as Balzac (who remarked that Daumier had "Michelangelo beneath his skin"), the critic Champfleury, and the historian Michelet. The only American quoted is Walter Pach, who pointed to Daumier's sculpture as early as 1924.

This is a serious volume, comparable to John Rewald's recent monograph on the sculpture of Degas. Much smaller in format, and, with its soft covers, less luxurious, it is equal in the precision of scholarship.

ALFRED WERNER

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STUDIO TALK

BY BERNARD CHAET

*Gouache Techniques:
Interview with Pat Adams*

LARGE paintings, it seems, are the rule today. But "physically large" does not necessarily mean "visually large." For example, a photograph of a painting or a reproduction in a magazine usually does not reveal the size of the original. And reproductions of large paintings often appear visually small. But the opposite is true of Pat Adams' small gouaches—in reproduction they appear visually large. Her paintings create sustained yet expanding images despite the lack of obvious devices to establish gravity. This effect is achieved through a reciprocal action of shapes which alternately create tension and rest in a unified context. Her paintings are not merely a sum of equally weighted mosaic-like areas; instead the shapes seem dangerously perched and grouped in constantly surprising relationships. "Reading" her work one becomes aware of a constant movement, a change of focus, which is forced on the viewer. In short, her sense of constellation keeps her compositions from becoming, in her own words, "isolated and random phenomena."

Changing from a visual to a symbolic level, let us note that the elementary shapes which are part of the artist's constant vocabulary have been interpreted in many ways according to the viewer's frame of reference. Some relate her work to biology, others to astronomy. But although the essential shapes that inhabit her work have many different levels of meaning for both artist and viewer, the artist's primary concern is with composing "knots of isolated phenomena, sequences of edge and occurrence," into provocative yet ordered images.

A water-base medium, watercolor in particular, is usually associated with direct painting wherein the initial performance is also the final effect. Yet Pat Adams' work is often slowly and deliberately developed. Naturally the working process depends on the initial concept. In the artist's words, "Intuition always plays a role in composing—yet every rapid impulse is not worth saving. A moment of painting may be an experience for the

Pat Adams, QUELLE HEURE EST-IL? Collection M. J. Stewart.



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Pat Adams at work.

PHOTO BY JOHN FERRARI

artist, but it may not be transformed into art." "It's not that I devalue directness," Miss Adams concluded, "but for me a sustained, all-connecting image is better than a captured moment." And before she explained her personal working methods and listed her tools and materials, she emphasized that the seemingly involved technique she now employs—which makes instant change possible and which is elastic enough to allow for countless variations of development—was evolved because she "felt the need to be critical of the moment."

Miss Adams began the technical explanation by discussing the paper she employs. A smooth-surfaced paper, rather than a textured one, is preferred for two reasons: a textured paper competes with the combination of transparent and opaque effects the artist creates; secondly, a rough surface prevents burnishing with a lintless cloth or a razor-like knife. "Burnishing periodically during the various stages brings out the color, unifies the surface, and produces a burr upon which further paint layers can attach themselves."

Pat Adams' paintings, for the most part, are developed in a series of alternating transparent and opaque layers. She constantly works on a group of paintings in different stages of development. Working loosely with transparent washes of watercolor or ink, she begins a number of paintings simultaneously. From this catalogue of rough ideas which these "starts" represent, she selects about one out of ten for further development. After the sketch is selected it may be thoroughly glazed with ink or watercolor and subsequently washed off and blotted. For the artist, these processes—washing out, staining, blotting—not only stimulate her vision but produce spatial decisions.

The artist may employ sticks, sponges and rags as well as brushes at the beginning and during the various stages: "Non-art instruments produce surprising and inspiring visual effects." A painting evolves as opaque colors are added with casein and tempera. The opaqued areas may be glazed again with watercolor and ink—and perhaps even washed out, blotted and burnished. But a completed work never displays this overworking; the various processes operate in the service of visual development rather than technical virtuosity.

The materials employed are Winsor-Newton watercolors, Higgins and Pelikan colored inks, Shiva Nu-tempera, Le Franc gouache and various makes of casein. Pro-White (Steig Products) is preferred to other whites because of its strong adhesive quality. It is employed "almost as a medium to resolve the incompatibility that sometimes occurs among the various water-soluble products such as ink and watercolor." Further, she finds that this white covers without becoming chalky—for chalkiness is a quality the artist prefers to avoid because it interferes with her desired imagery.

Pat Adams' concern with the constant interplay of shape and interspace demanded the invention of a technique suited to constant change. Her very personal gouache technique, with its possibilities of change, with its juxtaposition of opaque and transparent layers resulting from glazing, washing out, blotting and burnishing, offers the artist unlimited freedom in her search for an ever-expanding vision.

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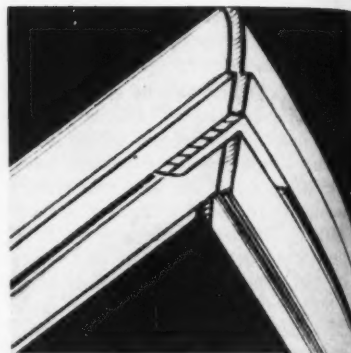
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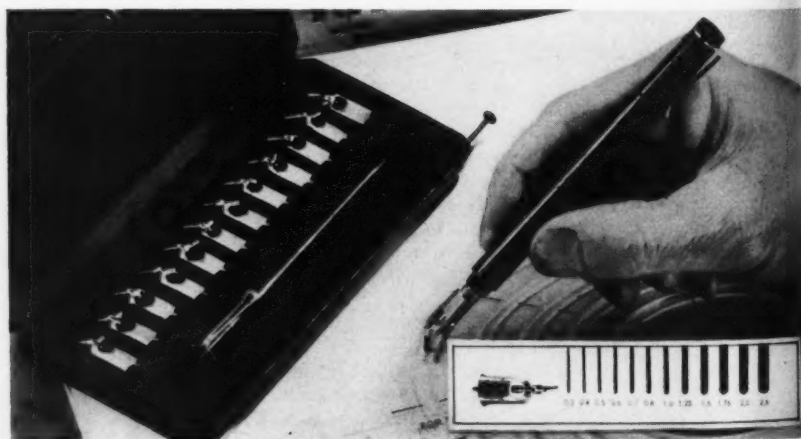
A double-end penholder that holds a standard lettering point on one end and a crow quill on the other is manufactured by the Griffin Co. Called the Grifhold #312, this convenient tool sells for \$1.25. For further information write to Studio Bazaar Editor, ARTS, 116 East 59th Street, New York 22, N. Y.



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WATERCOLOR SOCIETY OF ALABAMA 19TH ANNUAL, Birmingham Museum of Art, Oct. 19-Nov. 15. Media: transparent and opaque watercolor, gouache. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1 per work. Entry cards and work due Oct. 12. Write: Belle Comer, Secy., Birmingham Museum of Art, 711 N. 19th St., Birmingham, Ala.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON PRINTMAKERS' 11TH ANNUAL, Museum of Fine Arts, Oct. 1-31. Open to all printmakers. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 (for nonmembers). Entry cards due Sept. 1, work due Sept. 5. Write: Mrs. S. M. Rantz, 299 High Rock St., Needham 92, Mass.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK

AMERICAN ART EXHIBITION, Chautauqua Art Assn., June 30-July 17. Jury. \$2,000 in awards. Work due by June 13. Write: Ruth Skinner, Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N. Y.

DENTON, MARYLAND

11TH ANNUAL D.F.I. FESTIVAL, June 26-28. Open to all artists. Media: painting, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1. Work due June 14. Write: Mrs. Fred Usilton, Denton, Md.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

38TH NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CALIFORNIA WATERCOLOR SOCIETY, Los Angeles County Museum, Nov. 11-Dec. 7; San Francisco Palace of Legion of Honor, Jan. 24-Feb. 28, 1959. Membership in Society open to watercolorists regardless of place of residence. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$10 for annual membership. Entry cards and work due Oct. 10. Write: Elsa Warner, 332 S. Serrano St., Los Angeles 5, Calif.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

47TH ANNUAL, Art Assn. of Newport, July 1-20. Open to all living American artists. Media: oil, watercolor, prints, small sculpture. Jury. Fee: \$2 (for nonmembers). Entry cards due by June 9, work due June 16. Write: Art Assn. of Newport, 76 Bellevue Ave., Newport, R. I.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

ANNUAL DRAWING COMPETITION, Bodley Gallery, June 16-28. Open to all artists. Media: black-and-white in ink, pen, charcoal. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Write: Bodley Gallery, 223 E. 60th St., New York 22, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

VOODOO SHOW, Burr Galleries, Aug. 31-Sept. 13. Open to all artists in U. S. All media. Subjects must be voodoo. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Entry cards due Aug. 1. Write: Burr Galleries, 115 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

PRINT FAIR FOR LIMITED EDITIONS, Burr Galleries, July 20-Aug. 2. Open to all printmakers in U. S. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 for 2 prints. Entry blanks due June 23, work due June 30. Write: Burr Galleries, 115 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

FALL ANNUAL, Art Directions Gallery, Nov. 21-Dec. 18. Open to all artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Nov. 1. Write: Art Directions Gallery, 545 Ave. of the Americas, New York 11.

PORTLAND, MAINE

75TH ANNUAL SUMMER ART FESTIVAL, Portland Museum of Art, July 17-Aug. 17. Media: oil, watercolor, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4. Entry cards and work due July 3. Write: Portland Museum of Art, 111 High St., Portland, Me.

SARANAC LAKE, NEW YORK

ADIRONDACK ANNUAL OPEN SHOW, Dorothy Yezzer Galleries, July 14-Aug. 2. Open to all artists. Media: oil, watercolor, pastel, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4. Work due July 11. Write: Dorothy Yezzer, 618 W. 142nd St., New York 31, N. Y.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

26TH BIENNIAL OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PAINTING, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Jan. 17-Mar. 8, 1959. Open to artists residing in U. S. and its possessions. Media: oil, oil-tempera, encaustic. Jury. Prizes: \$2,000, \$1,500, \$1,000, \$500. No fee. Work due Nov.

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16TH ANNUAL LA. STATE EXHIBITION OF PAINTING Old State Capitol, Oct. 6-26. Open to artists living in La. at time of exhibition. Media: oil, watercolor. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Entry cards and work due by Oct. 2. Write: Jay R. Broussard, La. Art Commission, Room 208, Old State Capitol, Baton Rouge 2, La.

DENVER, COLORADO
64TH ANNUAL, Denver Art Museum, July 9-Sept. 7. Open to artists of Wisc., Ill. and all states west of the Mississippi. Media: painting, drawing, graphics, sculpture, ceramics. Jury. Purchase awards up to \$2,000. Fee: \$2. Work due by June 12. Write: Denver Art Museum, W. 14th Ave and Acoma St., Denver 4, Colo.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS
KANSAS DESIGNER-CRAFTSMAN SHOW, U. of Kan., Oct. 26-Nov. 15. Open to anyone who lives in or who has lived in Kan. for one year and to craftsmen who live in Kansas City, Mo. Media: ceramics, sculpture, silversmithing, textiles, wood, jewelry. Jury. Prizes. Work due Oct. 13-15. Write: Marjorie Whitney, Dept. of Design, U. of Kan., Lawrence, Kan.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT
SOUTHERN VERMONT ARTISTS EXHIBITIONS, Art Center. Opening Exhibition, July 4-13; 29th Annual Exhibition, Aug. 23-Sept. 1; Fall Exhibition, Oct. 4-12. Open to artists living within 50 miles of Manchester for 3 months of the year. All media. Jury. Fee: \$5. Write: Director, Art Center, Manchester, Vt.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY
27TH ANNUAL N. J. STATE EXHIBITION, Montclair Art Museum, Nov. 2-Dec. 7. Open to artists living in or born in N. J. Media: oil, watercolor, print, drawing, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1. Entry cards due by Sept. 24, work due Sept. 28-Oct. 1. Write: Mrs. Jean R. Lange, Montclair Art Museum, Montclair, N. J.

MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT
1958 NEW ENGLAND EXHIBITION OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, Mystic Art Association, July 19-Aug. 15. Open to artists resident in New England two months of year. All media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1 (for nonmembers). Work due July 14 & 15. Write: Beatrice Cuming, Mystic Art Assn., Mystic, Conn.

ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS
CAPE ANN SOCIETY OF MODERN ARTISTS EXHIBITION, Red Men's Hall, July & Aug. Open to artists who have worked on Cape Ann. Jury. Fee: \$7.50, returned if work not accepted. Write: Cape Ann Society of Modern Artists, Red Men's Hall, Beach St., Rockport, Mass.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
CRAFTSMAN PRESS CALENDAR ART COMPETITION, Eric Museum, August 19-31. Open to artists of Pacific Northwest. Media: oil, watercolor, casein. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Write: Mervin Bailey, Craftsman Press, Inc., 2030 Westlake Ave., Seattle, Wash.

VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA
3RD ANNUAL BOARDWALK ART SHOW, July 11-14. All media. Artists (or representative) must accompany and display work. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due by July 1. Write: Virginia Beach Art Assn., Virginia Beach, Va.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
13TH ANNUAL AREA EXHIBITION, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Nov. 22-Dec. 14. Open to artists living within 50 miles of Washington. Media: painting, watercolor, prints, drawing, sculpture, crafts. Jury. Awards. Fee: \$1; 50¢ for prints and ceramics. Work due Oct. 17, 18. Write: Gudmund Vigdal, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington 6, D. C.

CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

BASEL, SWITZERLAND

BEYELER, June-Sept.: Mod. Masters

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

MUSEUM, June 15-July 5: Amer. Wcol. Soc.

BOSTON, MASS.

MUSEUM, to June 29: Drwgs.; to June 15: Korean Masterpieces

MUSSELS, BELGIUM

HELIOS, Contemp. Mstrs.

CINCINNATI, O.

MUSEUM, June 7-Sept. 30: Yugoslav Prints

CLEVELAND, O.

MUSEUM, to June 22: 40th May Show WISE, June: Cont. Japanese; G. Braque Grphcs.

DALLAS, TEXAS

MUSEUM, to June 15: Churchill; June 8-30: G. Bellows

DAYTON, OHIO

ART INST., to June 29: 100 Yrs. Amer. Arch.

HAMPTON BAYS, L. I., N. Y.

BURLIUK, June: Cont. Amer. Ptg.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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CITY MUSEUM, to June 29: L. A. Artists' Annual

ROBLES, June: 19th & 20th C. Mstrs.

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INST., from June 11: Wertheim Coll.; from June 25: J. Gris

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MUSEUM, to June 8: N. J. Artists; from June 13: 19th C. Amer. Still Life

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BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), to June 29: Amer. Print Council; to Sept. 1: Brooklyn-L. I. Artists

GUGGENHEIM (7 E. 72), thru June: Rec. Acq. & Loan Exhib.

JEWISH (1109 5th at 92), to June 30: Z. Gali; A. Wein; Cont. Ceremonial Art

METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), to June 15: City Views, prints; Amazons in Greek Art

MODERN (11 W. 53), June: Indef.

PRIMITIVE (15 W. 54), to Oct. 18: African Art

RIVERSIDE (310 Riv. Dr.), June 5-29: Nat'l. H. S. Exhib.

WHITNEY (22 W. 54), to June 15: Friends of the Whitney; from June 18: Perm. Coll.

Galleries:

A.A.A. (712 5th at 55), June 3-30: Art and the Wall

A.C.A. (63 E. 57), June: Grp.

ADAM AHAB (72 Thompson), June: Sketches from Surgery

ALAN (766 Mad. at 66), June 3-27: 10 Blocks of Amer. Ptg. & Sclpt.

ART DIRECTIONS (545 6th at 15), to June 21: Grp.

ARTISTS' (851 Lex. at 64), to June 5: New Talent; June 6-26: Grp.

ARTS (62 W. 56), June 6-16: 3-Man; June 4-14: F. Boswell; June 17-27: Grp.

AVANT-GARDE (166 Lex. at 30), June 10-28: S. Burke; June 3-28: A. Stask

BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), June 3-27: 10 Blocks of Amer. Ptg. & Sclpt.

BARONE (1018 Mad. at 79), to June 27: Gallery Grp.

BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), June 2-30: Grp.

BERRY-HILL (743 5th at 57), June: Selected Ptg.

BODLEY (223 E. 60), June 16-28: Drwg. Competition, 50 Best

BRATA (89 E. 10), to June 19: 3-Man; from June 20: Grps.

BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), June: Art, Arch. & Aluminum

BROOKLYN ARTS (141 Montague), June 1-30: Grp.

BURR (115 W. 55), to June 7: Dord Fitz Schl.

CAMINO (92 E. 10), to June 19: Grp.

CARLEBACH (937 3rd at 56), to Sept. 30: Prim. Art

CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), June: Cont. Eur. Ptg.

COLLECTORS' (49 W. 53), June 1-30: Perm. Exhib. J. Probst; Grp.

COMERFORD (117 E. 57), June 2-30: Meade Coll. Japanese Prints

CONTEMPORARY ARTS (802 Lex. at 62), to June 6: T. Clancy; June 9-27: Annual Traveling Exhib.

CRESPI (232 E. 58), to June 10: S. Menache; June: Summer Sale

D'ARCY (19 E. 76), to June 28: Sclpt. before Columbus

DAVIS (231 E. 60), June 2-30: Summer Grp.

DE AENLE (59 W. 53), to June 7: K. May; June 7-30: Grp.

DEITSCH (51 E. 73), June: Mod. Prints, Drwgs.

DE NAGY (24 E. 67), June 3-27: 10 Blocks of Amer. Ptg. & Sclpt.

DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), to June 7: C. Demuth; June 9-27: Portrait of a Building

DURLACHER (11 E. 57), June: Summer Grp.

DUVEN (18 E. 79), June: Pillement

EGGESTON (969 Mad. at 76), June: Grp.

EMMERICH (17 E. 64), June 2-30: Artists as Collectors

ESTE (32 E. 65), to June 14: Master Drwgs.

FINDLAY (11 E. 57), June: Grp.

FINE ARTS ASSOC. (41 E. 57), to June 14: Grp.

FLEISCHMAN (227 E. 10), to June 13: Print & Drwg. Annual

FURMAN (17 E. 82), June: Pre-Col.

G. GALLERY (200 E. 59), June: Summer Festival

GALERIE CHALETTE (1100 Mad. at 83), June: Amer. Lithos

GALERIE DES ARTS (303 E. 51), June: Grp.

GALERIE ST. ETIENNE (46 W. 57), June 3-24: A. Curuchich

GALLERIA MARIA (169 Bleeker), to June 30: G. Napoli

GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), June 16-31: Japanese Reflections

J. GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), to June 14: S. Murphy

GRAND CENTRAL (15 Vanderbilt at 42), June: Portrait Artists

GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad. at 79), to June 30: Grp.

HAMMER (51 E. 57), to June 7: The Three Utrillos

HARTERT (22 E. 58), June: Amer. & Fr.

HELLER (63 E. 57), to June 7: R. Farruggio; June: Grp.

HEWITT (29 E. 65), June 3-27: 10 Blocks of Amer. Ptg. & Sclpt.

HIRSCHL & ADLER (21 E. 67), from June 2: Soutine & his Circle

JACKSON (32 E. 69), June 3-27: 10 Blocks of Amer. Ptg. & Sclpt.

JANIS (15 E. 57), to June 14: F. Kline

JUSTER (154 E. 79), to June 15: Grp.

KLEEMANN (11 E. 68), June: Grp.

KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), to June 13: Engl. Sporting Ptg.

KOTTIER (3 E. 65), June 2-14: Grp.; June 16-July 5: S. Mamula; July 14-26: J. F. Clarke

KRASNER (1061 Mad.), June 2-30: Grp.

KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), to June 13: Grp.; from June 23: Cont. Amer. Still Life

LITTLE STUDIO (673 Mad. at 61), June: Grp.

MARCH (95 E. 10), to June 15: Invit. Drwg. & Collage

MARINO (46 W. 56), to June 7: M. L. Rios

MATISSE (41 E. 57), June: Mod. Ptg. & Sclpt.

MELTZER (38 W. 57), June 4-Oct. 18: Chinese Folk Art

MI CHOU (36 W. 57), to June 21: Calligraphy

MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), June 3-29: Season Retrosp.

MILCH (21 E. 67), June 3-27: 10 Blocks of Amer. Ptg. & Sclpt.

MILLS COLLEGE (66 5th), to June 13: H. Willard

MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), to June 7: Grp.; June 9-21: Open Grp.

NAT. ARTS CLUB (15 Gramercy Pk. So.), June 1-July 31: Internat'l. Annual

NEW (601 Mad. at 57), June: 20th C. Masters

NEW ART CTR. (1193 Lex. at 81), June: Europ. Grphcs.

NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), June: Old Masters

NONAGON (99 2nd at 6), to June 21: Grp.

NORDNESS (700 Mad. at 63), June 3-30: Cautious Collectors

PANORAS (62 W. 56), June 2-14: O. Curtis, F. Rowan; June 16-28: L. Civkin; June 30-July 15: G. Ford, G. Shibley

PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), to June 7: R. Keyser; June 9-July 2: Grp.

PASSEDOIT (121 E. 57), June 2-30: Grp.

PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), June 3-27: 10 Blocks of Amer. Ptg. & Sclpt.

PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), to June 13: Rec. Acq.

PETITE (718 Mad. at 64), June 2-14: D. Turano; June 16-28: A. Goldreich

PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), June 1-15: H. Newman; June 16-30: H. Ward

POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), to June 6: M. Frank, P. Harris

PYRAMID (4 St. Marks Pl.), to July 1: Willard Bond

REHN (683 5th at 54), June: Grp.

CONDON RILEY (24 E. 67), June 1-30: F. Mason

ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), June 3-27: 10 Blocks of Amer. Ptg. & Sclpt.

ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), June: 19th & 20th C. Fr.; 20th C. Amer.

SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), June 2-30: Season Review

SALPETER (42 E. 57), June 3-Summer: Season's Highlights

B. SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), May 26-Aug.: Fact & Fantasy '58

SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), June 1-30: Mod. Fr.

SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), June: Afr. Sclpt.

SILBERMAN (1014 Mad. at 78), June: Mod. Fr. & Brit.

STABLE (924 7th at 58), to June 14: Annual

STUTTMAN (835 Mad. at 69), June 3-27: 10 Blocks of Amer. Ptg. & Sclpt.

SUDAMERICANA (866 Lex. at 65), June 3-July 3: Latin Amer. Grp.

TERRAIN (20 W. 16), May 23-Summer: Grp.

THE CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), June: Grp.

TOZZI (32 E. 57), Medieval Art

VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD (21 E. 57), June 2-24: K. Barieau; from June 28: Grp.

V.A.C. (39 Grove), June 9-27: Prize Sclpt.

VIVIANO (42 E. 57), to June 7: B. Perlin; June: Grp.

WALKER (117 E. 57), June: Selected Amer. & Fr.

WASHINGTON IRVING (49 Irving Pl.), to June 14: Rubington; June 16-Summer: Grp.

WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), thru July: Grps.

WHITE (42 E. 57), to June 7: C. Zazueta, C. Serpas

WIDDIFIED (818 Mad. at 68), June 3-27: 10 Blocks of Amer. Ptg. & Sclpt.

WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), June: Drwgs. & w'cols.

WILLARD (23 W. 56), to June 7: Grp.

WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), June 1-14: F. Scherff; June 16-28: G. Peterich

WORKSHOP (332 E. 51), to June 16: Opening Grp.

WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), to June 14: L. Gatch; to June 21: Affandi; from June 17: Internat'l. Show

ZABRISKIE (32 E. 65), June 3-27: 10 Blocks of Amer. Ptg. & Sclpt.

NORTHPORT, L. I., N. Y.

COUNTRY LIFE, June: G. Grosz

PARIS, FRANCE

BERNHEIM, June: M. J. Thornton

BUCHER, June: Bissiere

CLERT, June: Tingley

CORDIER, June: D'Orgeix

DENISE RENE, June: A. Bloc; July: Schaffer

DROUET, A. Cohen

GALERIE 12, to June 20: Mane-Katz

LARA VINCY, June 6-July 6: Wostan

LA ROUE, June: Ptg.; Gerdur

PIERRE, June 3-21: A. Szenes

RIVE DROITE, Fautrier

STADLER, June: Damian

STUDIO, P. Facchetti

ROME, ITALY

SCHNEIDER, Cont. Ital.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MUSEUM, June 6-30: St. Louis Soc. Ind. Artists

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

MUSEUM, to June 15: Wm. Dole

SEATTLE, WASH.

SELIGMAN, June: Northwest Artists; Europ. Prints

TAOS, N. M.

GALERIA ESCONDIDA, June: F. O'Hara, prints

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CORCORAN, June: Wm. Getman; Faculty Show; G. Biddle, prints

JEFFERSON PL., June 5-25: Grp.

NAT'L. GALLERY, Perm. Coll.

WORCESTER, MASS.

MUSEUM, to June 22: Museum Schl.

LEE GATCH

through June 14

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June 17 through August 30



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